

Yours Truly
W. W. Moore

RANDOM RHYMES.

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE,

MOOREFIELD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

"Prose is the work-day dress in which
we discharge our duty. Poetry is the robe,
the royal apparel, in which truth asserts
its divine origin." — *anon.*



Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY,
1885.



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Entered according to Act of the Par-
liament of Canada, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and eighty-
five, by WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE,
in the office of the Minister of Agri-
culture.

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,
TORONTO.

PREFACE.

THE fact that my book has been published "by subscription," shows that many of my old friends wished to possess my rhymes in book form. I have, for years, been strenuously urged to have them published, even in pamphlet form, by many, the memory of whose friends has been embalmed, *as they presume to say*, by my poetry.

I have no further apology to offer the Literary World than to say that I have been bred in the wild woods of Canada, that I aided in clearing the farm on which a part of Moorefield is now built, and that—

We were amply repaid by the seed we did sow,
When the logs were all piled, yelling haw, gee, whoa !

I hope our mighty phalanx of Canadian poets will not too severely criticise the spontaneous babbings of my heart, as expressed in "Random Rhymes."

That the public may at once know what the author has been in the past, I here embody a few recommendations :—

DRAYTON, Sept. 18th, 1869.

This is to certify that William W. Moore, Esq., is a young man of a good moral character, and well respected in these parts as an honest, trustworthy person.

EZRA ADAMS,
Wesleyan M. Minister.

From Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D.D., author of "The Soul and the Kingdom," and Principal of Woodstock College.

I hereby certify that Mr. William Wallace Moore, who was formerly a student in the Canadian Literary Institute, sustains a good moral and religious character, and I think he would make an earnest and active agent for the Tract Society.

R. A. FYFE,

WOODSTOCK, 23rd Sept., 1869.

The following recommendation was signed at the different polling places in the Township, by all the officials of the Township of Maryborough—Reeve, Deputy-Reeve, Councillors, Assessor, Collector, Treasurer, and Township Clerk; together with over two hundred other rate-payers:

We, the undersigned, would, with great deference, beg leave to solicit the favourable consideration of your Board towards Mr. William Wallace Moore, etc., etc. Our recommendation of this gentleman is based on his integrity, energy, and scholarship, together with the great suavity of demeanor which has rendered him so popular not only in Maryborough, but in the Townships adjacent.

MARYBOROUGH, March, 1871.

Notwithstanding these very flattering recommendations I would not have the public to think that I am impeccable; but, to the contrary, I am willing to acknowledge that I often overstep the bounds of propriety.

I have read the biting criticisms of many astute scholars, but, nevertheless, I have come to the dogmatic conclusion *that poets only can legitimately criticise poetry*. A person who never studied Geometry would certainly feel perplexed if asked to demonstrate even the 47th proposition of the First Book of Euclid. Those who never studied Music, *and have no taste for it*, cannot be expected to be able to criticise those who are experts in the art.

Kindly I ask the forbearance of all, and request that if any piece, which my first effort contains, be distasteful to you, you will just quietly glide on to the next, and the next, and the next, until you find something more palatable.

WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE.

Moorefield, Ontario, Canada,
Dec. 25th, 1884.

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RANDOM RHYMES.

THE AUTHOR'S LINEAGE.

DIRECTLY from the "Wallace Clan,"
The Author has descended ;
Yet, with another Ancient Tribe,
My Chieftain blood has blended.

Brave Sir John Moore's Corunna blood,
Was shed for England's glory ;
While Wallace—bravest of his land
But lives in Scottish story.

My father was a bold John Bull,
As fearless as a lion ;
While on my noble mother's side,
Of Wallace, I'm a scion.

That Wallace, who for Scotland bled ;
Who Scotland's rights asserted ;
Whose home was Scotland's wildest hills,
When by Scotch Lords deserted.

The only man, of Scotland's Tribes,
Who spurned the *Stranger's* token—
The only man, whose heart remained,
Unconquered and unbroken !

If not betrayed by "Foul Monteith,"
When pursued by deadly foes,
No alien pen would ever dare,
Inscribe my Chieftain's woes.

WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE.

FISHING AT THE CANESTOGA RIVER.

AUGUST 19TH, 1852.

I AM fishing by the river,
With a very steady hand,
When my line begins to quiver,
Fish are biting, understand.

Bass and chub are very plenteous;
Speckled trout are pretty rare;
Though my bait makes some contentions,
Which soon dangle in the air.

Oh! it's fun to see them hopping,
On the bank, so high and dry,
As they give the earth a whopping,
Ere they close their gills and die.

Thus, it seems, the De'il has waited,
To catch sinners night and day:
While his hooks are golden-baited,
To decoy their souls away.

"BE PATIENT"—James v. 7.

THIS world is full of trouble,
As evinced wheree'er we go;
And grumbling makes it double,
As the greatest dullards know.
Quit your incessant whining,
While through this world you're moving;
The sun won't cease his shining,
Though you become less lees loving.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER'S
SUITOR.

If you must court behind my back,
And chance to give too loud a smack,
Have sense enough to change your track,
And try again!

Just come right out, before my face,
Don't think that it's a great disgrace,
To run the matrimonial race,
Like other men.

And if the girl return your kiss,
Embrace her quickly and say Miss ——
"I can't endure such love as this :
I never can!"

And then the pledges of your love,
She will accept—a ring—a glove—
As though they fell from Heaven above.
Oh! happy man!!

THE TOOTHACHE.

DID you ever have the toothache?
If you did, just please to say,
If you did not feel like throwing,
Ev'ry tooth you had away!

If you did not feel as I do,
One grand truth can't be denied—
It wasn't with the *jumping toothache*,
That your jaw was then supplied.

Ah ! how calmly now I bear it,
Though my whole head seems to split,
Oh ! yes, dear wife, you'd like to share it !
Let me go. I cannot sit !

Round the house I wildly wander,
Through the parlor—up the stairs ;
Now I mutter discontent,
While the others say their prayers.

But there is no use in talking ;
All I say will be denied,
Just because no doctor's patient,
With the toothache ever died !

LIFE, LIKE THE SNOW.

LIKE the snow, down we go,
O'er the rugged cliffs of time,
Death is felt, and we melt,
In our very, very prime.

In the days, when our ways,
Are most pleasing to our friends ;
Like the snow, down we flow
To the ocean, where life ends.

And our ma, and papa,
May sit silent in their chair ;
Quite alone, and there moan,
While they view our locks of hair.

Or they may, kneel and pray,
With a likeness in their hand ;
And thoughts go, pure as snow
To the Throne, in spirit land.

THE IRISHMAN'S LAST REQUEST.

COME back, dear wife, to Ireland—
Come back with me *Ashore*,
For if you do I'll never roam,
Far from her rugged shore.

I'll oft shove out my pleasure boat
Upon the open sea,
That we may view those youthful scenes,
That blessed both you and me.

But Africa, or Canada,
Or the United States,
I'll never ask to see again
I swear—By Heaven's gates !

Then won't you come, my own dear wife,
That we together may
Lay down our hoary heads in peace,
In Erin's holy clay ?

The banshee there will weep for us,
When friends have dried their tears ;
And angels too will hover round,
And watch our graves for years.

Our friends have scattered o'er the earth,
As birds fly from their nest ;
In foreign lands they sought a home,
And found a place of rest :

But all their hearts, like mine, my dear,
Within their bosoms burn,
And long to know the hour when they,
To Erin may return.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Come home, my dear, come back with me,
Our course is nearly run.
Oh! let our last days end, just where,
Our youthful days begun!

SORROW'S TEARS.

I've thought, most seriously, for years,
How strange it is that bitter tears,
Like rain, fast falling from the skies,
Flow from the fountains of our eyes,
When sorrows, which we can't control,
Bestir the vitals of the soul.
The heart would burst if sorrow's woe
Found not a vent, and copious flow,
Of that strange fluid which we shed,
O'er those we love, when they are dead.
What is its source—where does it lie?
Strange reservoir of sorrow's eye!

INGRATITUDE.

OF all the sins that ever man
In this life could commit,
It is to fold his arms in ease,
And carelessly to sit,
When any friend may want his aid,
Who helped him in the past;
Whose sturdy arm had sheltered him,
From any hostile blast.
Proud gratitude, should rule the heart,
Aye! manliness, alone,
Should spurn the sin—Ingratitude,
And trample on its throne,

DETACHED THOUGHTS ABOUT MONEY.

LYCURGUS once, in Sparta old,
Enacted laws most funny :
He called his iron good as gold,
And made it current money.

Soon as the baby on the floor,
Can crawl around and prattle,
See how it makes him laugh and roar,
To hear some money rattle.

A young man wants to woo a lass,
He struts, with cuffs and collars,
But she is wise, and only asks,
About his wealth in dollars.

The spend-thrift flings his money round,
He does not care about it :
But he'll be hooted, like a hound,
If ever he's without it.

The miser clutches all he gets,
With a strong, undying hold ;
On musty bread he'd rather live,
Than to touch his pile of gold.

But when the lean-souled miser dies,
His dear anxious friends stand round,
To place some coppers on his eyes,
And then, stick him in the ground.

Yes ! money is a precious thing,
For good to us 'twas given.
Gold paves the way of men down here,
And paves the streets of Heaven.

.

"LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY. —The Rev. J. G. Macgregor will deliver a lecture on the above subject, next Thursday evening, in the Grammar School, Elora. The lecture will be illustrated by the aid of a magic lantern. When the Rev. gentleman's ability is taken into consideration, together with the fact that all will be admitted free, we have no doubt the lecturer will be greeted with a full house. The following very excellent poetry, bearing on the lecture, is from the pen of Mr. W. W. Moore, a pupil in the Grammar School.—Ed. *Elora Observer*, 1869.

INVITATION.

To the ladies of Elora and vicinity.

WITHIN our reach,
A special speech
Will soon to us be given;
About those lights,
Which cheer our nights,
And light up earth and heaven.

And I'm assured,
That, if procured,
A magic lantern too,
Will quickly bring,
With magic wing,
The starry world to view.

And lest you, dears,
Should shut your ears
Against a passing word;
I send this rhyme,
I hope in time,
Like joyous humming bird,

To bear the news,
That if you choose
To come next Thursday night,
You'll see displayed
The hand which made
Those dazzling orbs of light.

LOVE SONG.

To my Wife.

I LOVED thee once, dear Nannie,
With all my youthful heart;
And now, though old, dear Annie,
With life I'd rather part
Than have that cord which binds thee,
So closely to me still—
That cord which now reminds me,
That I'm your dearest Will—
Vibrate with notes of sadness,
Instead of joy, or love;
It must resound with gladness,
Like music from above.
I've proved thy love, my dearest,
I've probed it to its core;
I've found thee always nearest,
Whene'er my heart was sore!
And oft, while all were sleeping,
And dreaming of the past,
Thou constant watch wert keeping,
To screen me from the blast.
The kettle hummed quite gaily,
Though I was long away;
And thus, thy love grew daily,
E'en through our darkest day.
I've always loved thee strongly,
I'll love thee stronger still,
And if I do things wrongly,
Forgive your own, dear Will.
Love has no eyes, my darling,
Thy faults I ne'er could see,
And for this very reason,
You see no faults in me.

A CRY FOR BREAD.

(Written during the late Irish famine.)

HEAR the wailings of those thousands,
Who are languishing for bread,
While ourselves, and all our cattle
Are so sumptuously fed.

In the Western part of Erin,
By the Moy's incessant flow,
Many stalwart fellow-creatures,
Through sheer want, are lying low.

There the famine rages fiercely,
And the beggar's feeble knees
Tremble, while the frame above them,
Can scarcely say :—*If you please,*
Just give me one potato, ma'm,
Or the smallest crumb of bread ;
For God's sake, ma'm, have pity now !
For I'm starved, and nearly dead.

Ah ! think of Leitrim's lovely plains,
And of Sligo's lofty hills,
Of Mayo's larks, Roscommon's bogs.
And Galway's babbling rills ;
And then, Oh ! then, let pity's eyes,
Fill right up to overflow,
And weep, the very saltiest tears,
For dear Erin's present woe.

Those plains, and hills, and babbling streams,
Often rang with mirth and glee ;
And peace, and joy, filled every heart,
From the mountain, to the sea :

But now, for lack of food they wail,
And to us they loudly cry :
*Oh ! send us bread from o'er the sea,
Or, of hunger we must die !*

Help ! help ! my friends, that famished land ;
Appease its piteous cry,
And God will bless you here on earth,
And reward you when you die.

THE MAPLE.

FROM all the pretty forest trees,
The Maple bears the palm,
In Winter's howling hurricane,
As well as Summer's calm.

The lofty Pine may air its boughs,
Above the maple's head ;
It's boards may shield our mortal frames,
When numbered with the dead.

But it can't yield that sugar sap,
At Spring time's early dawn,
Which, from the graceful maple tree,
Is yearly, freely drawn.

The Maple's leafy boughs we prune,
To cast a clumpy shade :
Beneath such trees our grandpapas,
Have often kneeled and prayed.

Beneath such trees, we oft, ourselves,
Have sat on Summer's eve,
And felt the touch of nectar lips,
As well as fairy sleeve.

And viewed the twinkle in the eye,
The dimple in the cheek,
Of her, who looked the boundless love,
She would not dare to speak.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DEATH.

MIDST thoughts of home, he heaved a sigh,
And asked a hut in which to die.
They built a hut—(weep not, my pen!)
The rudest hut, e'er built by men,
The verdant grass a roof supplied
The cot, in which this great man died.

Alone! no friend of his stood near,
To wipe away his falling tear.
Just like the Saviour—friends all fled—
He prayed, and bowed his weary head:
No kindred hand, to close his eyes,
'Tis thus the great explorer dies!
Though England's glory, Scotland's pride,
'Tis thus their greatest champion died!

Why did not Britain cast her wing,
O'er Afric's great exploring king?
Long ere his precious course was run,
'Twas Bennet sought Great Britain's son.
And proud young Stanley laughed to scorn,
Vain, British sons, who are *highborn*.
This brave young Yankee persevered,
While all the world, looked on, and jeered,
Until the Doctor, safe and sound,
In Afric's jungles, he had found.

Great Livingstone ! thy loving name,
Shall ever bear undying fame.
While Wolseley boasts of Ashantee,
Far greater fields were won by thee.
Starved lions prowling from their lair,
Could not thy dauntless spirit scare,
Nor could the wildest Afric' race,
E'er change thy purpose, or thy place.

True ! England tried to make amends
By showing that they were thy friends,
When from Mulala, with great pains,
They carried home thy dear remains,
And placed them 'mongst the good and great,
The resurrection morn to wait.
And in the Abbey, o'er thy head,
To show that thou wast truly dead,
They placed a stone, and had inscribed,
That at Chittambo thou hadst died ;
And that thou hadst, for thirty years,
Sought out the slave, and dried his tears.

'Twas thus thy banner was unfurled,
To heal the wounds of that dark world :
And thus for Science and for Truth,
Thy life was spent from early youth.
May thy example still inspire
Our hearts to raise the negro higher,
Till Christ is known to all around,
And not a slave on earth is found.

QUESTION.

If we have no hope of Heaven,
Through the work of God's dear Son,
Shall our hearts remain unruven'
When we find ourselves undone ?

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Women who marry a second time, should inscribe the following lines on the tombstones of their first husbands :

THE husband dear,
Who now lies here,
I loved just as a brother ;
But when he died,
I laughed and cried,
And went and got another.

MUST I DIE ?

WITH throbbing heart and tearful eye,
I've asked the question—Must I die ?
When but a child, on father's knee,
The thought of death oft harassed me ;
And as I grew to riper years,
This thought produced more lasting fears,
Till near the Cross one day I stood,
And felt redeemed through Jesu's blood.

A SHORT PRAYER.

MY wife and I continue still
To live in peace at Thistlehill,
And while we here as pilgrims roam,
Though Thistlehill be not our home,
May sin and Satan ne'er destroy
The love and peace we now enjoy.

St. George, July 25th, 1860.

TO MISS HAMILTON OF DUBLIN.

Oh ! Sally dear,
I long to hear
Your joyous, hearty laugh,
Which drives dull care
Into the air,
As though 'twere nought but chaff.

And Sally dear,
I'd like to hear
Your lovely voice once more ;
E'en as it rang,
When last you sang
For me, on Erin's shore.

Though now the sea
Parts you and me,
And keeps three thousand miles
Between our homes,
Your spirit comes,
And casts on me its smiles.

My love-sick soul
Now takes control,
And o'er the blue, deep sea
It wings its way,
Midst storm and spray,
To bear a kiss to thee.

SHORT PRAYER.

Now as we're going to the Covenant-meeting,
O, may we see Satan from Christians retreating,
May the Lord, who is gracious, our weak hearts inspire,
To repel him, by prayer, to his deep den of fire.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

COME, O my soul, and thank the Lord
For his preserving care ;
And thou, my heart, with it accord,
His mercies to declare.

Thou, O my soul, which once beguiled
By Satan's cunning art,
Knew not that sin had thee defiled,
Till Jesus touched thy heart.

But when that loving Saviour came,
I soon beheld my sin ;
And then, oh ! then, midst fear and shame,
I cast my eyes within.

I cast my eyes within that heart
Which throbb'd within my breast,
I longed with self and sin to part,
And find in Jesus rest.

And now my voice can truly add
Its note of humble praise,
And sing that song which makes those glad
Who know no end of days.

EPITAPH.

AH ! do not cry,
Though here I lie,
Beneath this grassy sod ;
But go thy way,
And night and day,
" Prepare to meet thy God."

NO PEACE.

**Varium et mutabile.*

Is there a spot beneath the skies
So free from cares, and tears, and sighs,
So free from scoffs, and frowns, and jeers,
That one might live in peace for years ?
If you have found it, tell me where,
That I may come your bliss to share :
For I have sought it, night and day,
In this, and that, and every way ;
But found it not. O, tell me, then,
Is mine the lot of other men ?

I sought, when in the bloom of life,
From 'mongst the girls to choose a wife ;
Nor had I then the slightest peace,
For' like a fox 'midst flock of geese,
I knew not which might weigh the most ;
If once I caught, and caught a ghost,
Oh! how the flock would scream for joy,
To see a *goose* thus cheat a *boy*!

Nor had I peace midst all their sighs,
And bashful smiles, and dew-drop eyes ;
Nor through the kiss and tender squeeze
They often gave while on my knees ;
For then my conscience said to me,
" Oh! that they love you, can't you see ?"
And yet my adamant heart,
Could let me with those darlings part,
To cross the road, or babbling stream,
Like cautious cat, in search of cream !

* Tried and found wanting.

And when I read of men of yore
Who dabbled deep in classic lore,
And thus forgot the cares of time,
And hushed their griefs in lengthy rhyme;
I thought that I, as well as they,
Might find some lasting peace this way,
Then, with joyous heart and beaming eye,
I went to college—there to vie,
With those who wished to pale the cheek,
That they the languages might speak :
But woe to me ! through lack of brains,
I burst my skull, and lost my pains !

But after this, like arrant fool,
I tried to teach a common school,
Whose scholars, wild as young March hares,
I taught to sing, and say their prayers.
And when I got them fit to teach,
They married off, or went to preach ;
Though some, who did not like the quills,
Worked for M. D. and now mix pills.

I've now attained to middle life,
Blest with a happy little wife—
With children too—not quite a score !
And, therefore, look for peace no more.
But if that place you've really found,
By searching this world round and round,
I wish you'd tell me where it lies,
In earth, or sea, or in the skies,
And train, or ship, or mad balloon,
Will take me to you pretty soon !

A REQUEST.

To my beloved wife Ann Shaver Moore.

ANNIE, I pray thee let me find,
In thee a friend, forever kind;
Forever good, forever free,
In lavishing thy smiles on me,
Those loving smiles, these smiles of grace,
Which so bedeck thy gentle face.

When others hate, and scold, and frown,
I ask that then, thou wouldst sit down,
And place in mine, thy trusty hand,
To cheer my journey through this land,
This land of trial, care and sorrow,
Where friends to-day, are foes to-morrow.

ACROSTIC.

MAY God, who rules in mighty power,
Imbue thy heart, this very hour,
Sincerely, with the Saviour's love,
Securing thus thy home above.

Keep closely to the Saviour's side,
In Him you'll find your wants supplied;
Though earth and hell against thee rage,
Christ can the tempest soon assuage.
He then shall take thee home, to reign
Eternally, where grief, nor pain,
Nor death itself, is felt again.

A SCUFFLE ON THE TRAIN.

WHILE on the train,
I felt in pain,
I felt in love, and all that ;
And as 'twas dark,
I tried to spark,
A blackeyed lass, and all that.

"Now, sir," said she,
"You make too free,
You sit too close, and all that ;
If you don't stop,
You flippant fop,
I'll get you off, and all that.

"Conductor, dear,
This fellow here
Is making free, and all that ;
I wish that you,
Would put him through,
Right through that door, and all that."

No sooner said,
Than up came Ned,
And caught my throat, and all that ;
"Oh ! no," said I,
"I'd rather die,
Than be put off, and all that."

He said, "No use,
For your excuse,
I'll let you know she's mine, sir ;
And that to-day,
Along the way,
I cheered her heart with wine, sir.

"New York, or here,
Or anywhere,
Although she's not my wife, sir ;
I love her so,
For her you know,
I lose my very life, sir !"

The rope he pulled,
My hair he woolled,
My coat he tore, and all that ;
And toward the door,
He hauled, and swore,
And tried to trip, and all that.

I went along,
As cool and strong,
As though I was a lion ;
Until outside ;
But then, with pride,
I flung him off to Zion.

And like a sack
Right o'er the track,
He lit upon his head, sir !
We stopped the train,
Went back again,
And picked him up for dead, sir !

The ladies then,
As well as men,
To cheer, came flocking round me ;
But when they came,
To cap the game,
Beside the lass they found me !

While she with pride,
Sat by my side,
And though I looked quite bold, sir ;
She bowed her head,
And proudly said
You're worth your weight in gold, sir !

THE CIPHERING DOG.

PREACHERS may boast of how they preach,
And teachers tell how well they teach,
But when I tell this simple tale,
I think of gas they all must fail.

A preacher once, with white cravat,
While on an easy chair he sat,
Looked in my face, and as he smiled,
He said, "Come here, come here, my child."

I quickly went, and near him stood,
Knowing his words were always good.
"You're learning things both old and new,
When you're at school, and cipher, too."

"Well ! I have taught a mastiff dog,
Not only catch and hold a hog,
But I have taught him cipher, too,
That, I presume, you cannot do."

"Well, sir," said I, "I've gone to school,
For many years ; but such a rule !
A rule to make dogs cipher well !
Of such a thing, I've ne'er heard tell."

"You seem amazed, my boy," said he,
"But wait a while, and then you'll see

How soon that mastiff learned this rule,
Though he ne'er went a day to school.

"One day, while I was standing still,
This dog was trotting o'er a hill;
I then stooped down, picked up a stone,
And struck him on the hind leg bone!

"Away he went—the work was done:
He put down three, and carried one."

 AN ACROSTIC.

THE Lord has blessed you, sir, since He
Has given that Christian wife to thee,
On whose departure from this place,
Many have wiped a moistened face;
And many hearts in silence, too,
Secretly shrank from the adieu

Given by her on that same night
On which you took your hurried flight,
Solicitous your bride to bring
To her new home in Pickering.*
I do rejoice that you and she
Can sing of Christ most joyously,
Kindling in both your hearts a flame,

Extolling Jesu's precious name.
Since thus you're blessed, indeed you may
Quietly spend your future day.

Moorefield, Jan. 6th, 1859.

*The subject of the above acrostic is son of the late Rev. Thomas Gostick of the Township of Pickering.

THREE DREAMS.

THREE dreams in succession
Made thee my possession,
And I laughed at those dreams, I declare ;
For when I awoke
They seemed like a joke,
Or like so much smoke,
Which had noiselessly passed through the air.

And now I am thinking,
That these dreams were winking,
At those days, which perhaps may soon come
When you, if you choose,
By tying the noose,
May need little shoes,
In my humble but peaceable home.

My wife, as she wishes,
May wash up the dishes,
Or sit down in her chair at her ease ;
And hear Fanny say,
In her own childish way,
Before going to play,
“ Dear ma, give me a cake, if you please.”

So now, my dear Polly,
Don't say it's all folly,
And laugh at those three visions of night ;
But come forth and try,
With an amorous sigh,
To ask me just why,
I don't dream these three dreams in daylight

THE PERISHING DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

THE drifting snow is growing deep,
But oh ! sir, what care I ?
Though through my eyes I scarce can peep,
Yet to get home I'll try.

I'd be no man, if I sat down,
And left my wife alone.
Before I'd stay in yonder town,
I'd freeze right to the bone !

The boys I left behind me now
Are quaffing off the bowl.
Before I left we had a row
That vexed my very soul.

But, O ! what keeps me sitting here ?
The snow does wildly roam ;
And my dear wife will think it queer
That I'm not now at home.

I'll start again, and tramp a road ;
It can't be very far.
I move as slowly as a toad ;
But where's my little jar ?

Oh ! yes, it's in my overcoat ;
I nearly drank it all ;
I barely raise it to my throat
Before again I fall.

I'll rest a while, and drink again,
I'll drink it to the dregs :
I'm not so bad as other men.
I know it warms my legs.

What though the winds more angry grow,
And snows are drifting high !
I'll go right home, to-night, I know,
For here I must not die.

Ah ! think of all the sighs and tears
My poor dear wife would know,
If her dear James would freeze to-night,
And die beneath this snow.

And Maggie, too, ah ! who would e'er
The lassie come and wed,
If I sit here, in such despair,
And in the morn be dead ?

They ne'er shall say that I have died,
And filled a drunkard's grave !
Oh ! wake within me, Scottish pride,
My blood is cold, but brave.

Now, Jemmie Scott, up, up once more,
And fight the howling blast ;
I soon shall reach my cottage door,
That door is not made fast :

Dear wife ! that door she never locks,
When Jemmie is away.
And now my inmost soul it shocks,
To hear my dear wife pray.

I hear her plaintive voice just now ;
I see her rolling tear ;
Her lips, and Heaven-directed brow
Are quivering through fear.

The children too, around the stove,
Are kneeling here and there ;

Thus while I drink and nightly rove,
My wife is offering prayer.

Her gentle wail more louder grows,
As now she prays for me,
*Oh grant that James may not be froze,
While crossing o'er the lea.*

Here yet I lie, and no one near ;
I must have had a dream ;
There is no ear my cry to hear,
Of hope, there's not a gleam !

My frozen hands ! my tongue is still !
My legs I cannot move !
If I could only make my will,
And kiss the ones I love.

If I could bless those whom I've cursed,
And see them e'er I go ;
Then, I could boldly risk the worst,
And die beneath this snow.

Let preachers warn all those at ease,
To learn from my sad doom,
For my poor soul there is no peace,
For me, in Heaven, no home.

WARNING.

Do not steal,
Or the De'il,
Will make you squeal,
When you go,
Down below !

THE TIME I'D LIKE TO DIE.

Oh ! let me die in Summer time,
When earth is bright and gay ;
When steamers plough the sleeping waves,
And farmers make their hay.

Oh ! keep me from death's chilling grasp,
When wintry winds do blow ;
Nor lay my body in the earth
When clad with drifting snow.

Don't let the frosts of Winter seal
The earth above my breast,
When'er I close my eyes in death,
And find my lasting rest.

But let me die when flowers bloom,
And scent the balmy air ;
When birds are singing in the trees,
And warbling notes most rare.

When humming-birds on quivering wings,
Are buzzing in the lawn ;
Oh ! let me die at such a time,
At morning's early dawn.

Not when the day is almost spent,
And laden with life's cares ;
But at the morning's first bright ray,
Midst all its fragrant airs.

Just when the song-birds first begin,
To sing their morning lay ;
Then let my soul flap its glad wings,
And soar to endless day.

THE GIRL THAT'S AT THE BRICK.

My head and heart are lonely now,
And my blood is running quick.
For I'm outrageously in love.
With the girl that's at the Brick.

She's pretty as a turtle dove,
And she's graceful as a swan ;
Her smile is like an angel's smile,
When her face I look upon.

Her lips enclose the brightest gems ;
And her cheeks are like the rose ;
And Oh ! how soon I'd change her name.
If her name she would transpose.

Her breath is that seraphic air,
Which finds its source in Heaven ;
Her voice is sweeter than the voice,
To nightingale e'er given.

Her eyes are like a young gazelle's ;
Her long hair in tresses flows ;
And she portrays a snow-white brow,
And a pretty Grecian nose.

If I could only charm her heart,
Or steal her through some trick ;
I soon would make a happy bride,
Of " The Girl that's at the Brick."

ADVICE.

FORGIVE all your enemies, and pity the poor,
For this you're advised, by William Wallace Moore.

TO MAGGIE WHEN A BABY.

She was born Dec. 25th, 1877, and this was written Jan. 10th, 1878, at about 2 o'clock, A. M.

My dearest, little Maggie Moore,
Although your squalls I must endure,
Your little toe, I would not give,
For gold, for which poor misers live.

Old misers sleep no more than I,
Although I wake whene'er you cry ;
And oft you wake through ev'ry night,
Through, hunger, colic, or through fright.

The miser, with tenacious hold,
Clings to his ill-begotten gold ,
And through his dreams he feels bereft,
Of all his wealth through fire or theft.

But Maggie dear, not so with me,
I'd sleep quite soundly, but for thee ;
Your little self must first be fed,
Before your mother rests her head.

Ah ! Maggie dear, when we get old,
And through old age are growing cold ;
Wilt thou not stir the fire awhile,
And sing for us and cast a smile
On these same faces, which with glee,
Now lavish loving smiles on thee ?

Who provideth for the raven, his food ? when his young ones cry
unto God.—*Job. Chap. 38, Verse 41.*

THE ravens are fed, when their wings they spread,
And croak to the Lord for food ;
Then surely God's child, though foolishly wild,
Is more precious than their brood.

INSURRECTION IN THE NORTH WEST.

THE VOLUNTEERS' FAREWELL TO CANADA.

Sung to the tune of "Just before the Battle."

[COMPOSED APRIL 26TH, 1870].

Now the time has come for marching,
And we're forced to say farewell
To those friends we love so dearly,
And the homes in which we dwell.
But before we're severed from you,
Let us bid a long good-bye,
Let us grasp the hand we cherish,
While the tear rolls from the eye.

Chorus.

Brave companions, cease your sighing,
Britain's sons must never quail!
In the midst of foes and dangers,
Britain's cheek has ne'er grown pale.

"Onward!" though we shout with vigor,
Yet our hearts would here remain:
Oh! it shocks us when we think that
We may never meet again,
When we think that loving fathers,
Of whose hearts we are the pride,
Soon shall hear that we have fallen,
And for liberty have died.

"Onward!" is our changeless motto,
When we think of those dear friends,
Whose quick rescue from Fort Garry,

On our valor now depends :
Yet the sight of our dear mothers
Oft' invites the lurking tear,
And our hearts would vainly tempt us,
To remain with those so dear.

"Onward," "Onward !" is our watchword
When we think of Scott's lone grave,
When we see the flowing lifeblood,
Of a Briton proudly brave :
Not the love of all those maidens,
Which we value more than life,
Nor the tears, of our dear mothers
Shall e'er lure us from the strife !

Now as Canada we're leaving,
For the distant, bleak North West,
And we know not but the prairie,
Soon shall wave above our breast ;
We would linger, for a moment,
Midst the scenes of childhood's home,
And would weep as do the willows,
Which o'ersshade a mother's tomb.

But our brothers, strong and fearless,
Must our eager footprints trace,
If by Riel's half-breeds vanquished,
When we reach that distant place :
O'er the prairies, lakes and rivers,
Wilder and more fierce than we,
You must come our bones to bury,
And our graves, for aye keep free !!

THOMAS SCOTT, THE RED RIVER MARTYR.

KNEELED down on the snow, and the cold below zero,
Outside of Fort Garry thou hast died like a hero;
But the cold-blooded men who have emptied thy veins,
Will soon find their bodies far outweigh their brains.

Do they think that thy blood, which bespattered that snow,
And thy poor shattered body, which now lies so low,
Do not cry from the earth, to us, brave British sons,
To clutch with a vengeance both our swords and our guns,
And march right on the foe as we've oft done before,
And hew him to atoms, as we did Theodore?

Thy voice from the earth, like that of Abel, doth rise;
And it rends all our hearts, as it soars to the skies.
Oh! they'll feel their mistake, in that wild prairie land,
When the sword is once clutched by a Briton's right hand!

We will show Riel's *rights*, to be nothing but *wrongs*—
We will turn into wailing, his war-whoops and songs!
We will dig him a grave, on that very same spot,
Where they shed the brave blood, of our Martyr—Tom
Scott.

Not a half-breed, nor whole-breed, who took part in his
death,
Shall we ever forgive till we draw our last breath!
We'll send troop after troop, of our young volunteers
To bring those to *justice*, who have brought us to *tears*.

For who that has read of our dear Martyr Tom Scott,
How he begged to be killed when they had him half shot,
How he cried—*I'm a Briton! I ask but my rights!*
How he pined in the dungeon, through long days and
nights;

How he threatened, when shackled, and dared all his
foes,
Can avoid shedding tears, when we think of his woes!!

Read of Queen Mary, with her frail head on the block,
With her foes all around her, to sneer and to mock,
With no one to sympathise, and no one to fret,
But know that poor Scott was more desolate yet.

Mary's head, from her body, was snapped off with one
blow,
And her pet dog, then lapped her hot blood in its flow
Not so with our hero and martyr—Tom Scott,
Whom those insolent rebels at Garry have shot.
Ah! he had not a dog, who could dare to come near,
To lick his death-wounds, and his sad heart to cheer.

No brother, or sister, or companion, or friend,
Was there with their sorrows, that with his they might
blend.
Thus Canada's first martyr, for freedom has died,
And his blood, to his brothers, for vengeance has cried!

OUR VALENTINE.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, to-day,
A pretty babe was born, they say,
Away down at old Thistlehill;
Our Valentine, whose sparkling eyes,
Have changed to laughs our deepest sighs:
She teaches now at Canboyville.

Moorfield, Feb. 14th, 1882.

F. AND M.

WRITTEN FOR MISS C. J. BOOTHE'S AUTO-
GRAPH ALBUM.

MISS KATIE J., when I'm away,
And others take my place;
Let thoughts of me, midst all your glee,
Still light your pretty face.

ONLY ONE.

OH ! for a friend that will not flinch,
When enemies are nigh—
Only One, who won't give an inch,
Though he should with me die.
With such a noble friend at hand,
I'll fight my foes, on sea or land !!

(When at College, I sent these lines to our Classic Professor,
Rev. Dr. Stuart. My "black mark" was cancelled forthwith.)

"I PRAY THEE HAVE ME EXCUSED.

Luke xiv, 18."

THIS morning, sir, it was my fate,
To come to class a little late;
And when I asked to be excused,
You sternly, and at once, refused.

And now, my only antidote
Is to sit down, and write this note;
And as my watch was rather slow,
You will forgive me, sir, I know.

Jan. 13th 1862.

F. AND M.

"In the Drayton *New Era* of last week, Post Moore, in a few neat stanzas, containing poetry and pun, does ample justice to the marriage of a Mr. Schell of that locality." Editor Arthur *Enterprise*.

TO MR. ALFRED SCHELL, OF MOOREFIELD.

DEAR Mr. Schell, I wish you well
And hope you may succeed ;
As now I find, you feel inclined,
To make some sad hearts bleed.

But I'm afraid, your pretty maid
Has caused some bosoms sigh ;
And when they sighed, she in her pride,
Just calmly passed them by.

She all forsook, and wisely took,
Her choice with you to dwell ;
To play you tricks, and care your chicks
Soon as they chip the shell.

You and your bride, the knot have tied,
Neath Curate Gardiner's care ;
So now we pray, you always may,
Have blessings rich and rare.

And as you stray, through life's rough way,
May ocean, through its swells,
Roll on your coast, a mighty host,
Of precious little Schells.

PARSONS.

TO-DAY again, as other men,
Attend their avocation ;
Preachers proceed, to write and read
About the soul's salvation.

CAPT. BATES AND LADY.

Among the passengers who disembarked at Guelph yesterday—July 13th, 1878—were a gentleman and lady, who were not only head and shoulders, but also waist, above the heads of those around them. They were Captain and Mrs. Bates, who have just come east from their quiet farm at Seville, Ohio. I had an introduction to them, and found them very agreeable company. Mr. Bates is 34 years old, and it may be truly said that he is the one giant who is handsome. He weighs 478 lbs., and his wife 433 lbs. His wife will be remembered by surviving frequenters of Barnum's old Broadway Museum, as Miss Anna Swan, then called the Nova Scotia Giantess. The Captain met her in 1870, and they were married a year later.

Of strength the pigmy often prates,
Not so our mighty Captain Bates;
Though he, indeed, might well afford
To boast that e'en the Wallace sword
Would be but like a little wand
When swung by his gigantic hand.

Goliath's staff, though like a beam,
To him as light as air would seem;
And Gaza's gates, if in this land,
He'd carry off in his right hand.

Nor does he ever wear a frown,
Although on mankind he looks down
For all the men of our small race
Must still look up to see his face.

As Saul was chosen for his height,
I choose this captain for his might;
And giant beauties are so few,
I choose him for his beauty, too.
In him a perfect man we find,
Both as to stature and to mind.

His dear wife, too, though somewhat wan,
Moves gently as the whitest swan :
Though "Swan" she was, yet through the fates,
We now must call her Mrs. Bates.

Bright Nova Scotia's noblest child,
On whom both heaven and earth have smiled ;
Though giantess, through heaven's grace,
She deigns to own our tiny race ;
For when she stands on stage or street,
In height she measures o'er eight feet ;
To Captain Bates she lends a charm,
Whene'er she leans upon his arm.

Both, eight feet high, they stand to-day,
And move along this world's highway.
Two more, *who weigh nine hundred pounds*,
Cannot be found, in earth's wide bounds.
Come, then, and take at them a glance,
For this may be your only chance.

Diogenes, from porch to porch,
Searched Athens' streets with lighted torch ;
Though very wise, he took this plan,
In broad daylight to find a man.
Just so have I, in days of yore,
Sought all this earth from shore to shore ;
And being young, and wild and free,
I sought it then from sea to sea ;
But man like Bates I've never seen,
Nor woman like his noble queen !
This captain's praise I therefore sing,
Because of mankind he's the king.

July 18th, 1876.

THE DANGER OF BAD EXAMPLE.

A FARMER had a piece of land,
Through which a river flowed ;
This river ran before his door,
And then it crossed the road.

And on this road a wooden bridge
Was built both strong and wide,
To bear those up, who wished to cross
The river's rolling tide.

But o'er its murky waters lay,
A long since fallen tree,
Full thirty rods above this bridge,
Which stretched from lea to lea.

And as the father daily went,
To labor on his farm,
He led his boy across this tree,
And little thought of harm.

One day the farmer in his fields,
Was working at his hay,
Then teasingly, for many hours,
This little boy would say :—

" Please, ma, do let me run across,
To play with pa a while."
The mother, wearied by the child,
Consented with a smile.

Away he scampered o'er the green,
His heart was full of glee,
He did not run around the bridge,
He ran right toward this tree.

This tree, o'er which his father oft,
Had led him by the hand ;
He's on it now, and step by step,
He's moving from the land.

Full fifteen feet from either bank,
This dear child trembling stands ;
His head is reeling, and he hides
His eyes beneath his hands.

He feels a rumbling in his head ;
He hears the roaring stream ;
He topples o'er and, Oh ! he's gone,
With one unearthly scream !

No father stands upon these banks,
His darling boy to save ;
The loved one splashes for a while ;
Then finds a wat'ry grave.

Now, if this father taught his child,
To shun that fallen tree—
If he had led him o'er the bridge,
He'd have him yet, you see.

And so it is, with all those who
Dare curse, and swear, and drink ;
Their offspring they are leading on,
To ruin's darkest brink.

LIFE IS SHORT.

OUR life is but a short day ;
How soon it passes away !
We are given our breath,
But soon chilling death,
Consigns us all to the clay.

THE DEVIL.

If I could catch the devil, right behind his donkey ears,
I tell you, sir, I'd squeeze him tight, and tighter still,
till down the tears

Would flow like rain.

I'd kick him too, till not another kick my boot could bear,
I'd also thump, yes, that I would, with hold of hair,
Lest he should gain.

I think, if I were tried, I'd fight him in fair play,
Without a chance to catch and cuff, and kick him in this
way,

It's hard to tell ;

Father was a better man than I, yet Satan's squeeze
Has often made him sigh and groan, and brought him to
his knees,

And near to hell.

And, sir, I am persuaded, and that fully in my mind,
That if old Satan now were dead, no creature of man-
kind

Could better feel.

Why, sir, do you wonder at my saying so ? I say so still ;
And though I wish all this, and more, and more, I wish
no ill

It's to the De'il :

That old serpent, who has stung so many, e'en in private
life ;

See that troubled husband's heart, hear the tongue of
his cross wife,

Who does all this ?

Is it neighbors, who always like to see neighbors fight,
Or is it friends, who wish their friends to do what's
right ?

Am I amiss ?

Know you not that all the sickness, pain, and death
Which e'er have cursed this earth, through all its length
and breadth,

Are Satan's sons ;
Just think of all the blood that war has lately shed,
Think of all the battle-fields, their dying and their dead !
Their booming guns !!

Then think of heathendom—its Ganges and its Nile :
Its bowing down to " Unknown gods," before the funeral
pile !

Aye ! think and pray.
And think of all the racks and screws our ancient fathers
bore,
And hear our bygone mothers' cries, which linger on the
shore,

All passed away !

And preachers' wants, you know, are like the stars of
heaven,
They seem so vast to those who once to him and his had
given

Their cheap blessing ;
They never gave him a cent to pay him for his preaching,
Nor a piece of good ham meat, this would be overreach-
ing,

Yea, distressing.

Their shrivelled souls, could wish him preach a sermon
good on Sunday,
But they'd like to have him go to heaven, for bread on
Monday,

And there remain,
Through all the week, to live on angels' food, to wear the
crown,

And on the ensuing Sabbath, both clothed and fed, come
down

And preach again.

But, if this strange "Old Nick" were nicked, by cutting
off his head,

Or by placing in his stomach a ton of boiling lead,

All would be well!

MISS EMMA DAVIDSON, THE BELLE OF
HUSTONVILLE.

AMONG the ladies of this town

I never saw one yet,

Whom all the gentlemen adore,

As they do thee, my pet.

And ah! no wonder they should love

A lass so young and fair,

With angel eyes, and dimpled cheeks,

And lovely chestnut hair.

Thy ruby lips, and marble brow;

Thy well-framed nose and chin,

When gentle smiles dare intervene,

The proudest heart could win.

If thou wouldst deign to cast a glance,

At one who loves thee still;

I very soon would call my own,

The Belle of Hustonville.

FREEDOM.

I WOULD not be a Russian czar,
 If forced to use an iron car,
 To slant the bullets from my hide,
 When e'er I'd venture out to ride:
 Nor would I, for the Czar's domains,
 Be thus compelled to save my brains.

And yet the Russia of to-day
 Compels its czar to ride this way,
 E'en when he goes to church to pray.
 Glorious England! dear Freedom's home!
 Where nihilists dare never come,
 Whose gracious Queen, with heartfelt glee,
 Is hailed with joy on land and sea!

Moorefield July 1879.

LIFE IN TORONTO.

I JUST have said my morning prayers
 In a large room which lies up stairs,
 In a commodious hotel,
 Whence none are ever shipped to hell;
 Except delir'um takes the sway,
 When, if they wish to go, they may;
 For now some voices in the bar,
 Sound gutt'ral as an empty jar.

And now, I see out on the street;
 Great loads of wheat, and flour, and meat,
 And wood, and coal, and hay, and straw,
 And vegetables, cooked and raw;
 And stone, and lime, and sash, and doors,

And jointed oak, prepared for floors,
And coaches, cabs, and shining rigs,
Right full of curls and grey old wigs.

The walk along the other side,
Exhibits life and city pride ;
For there I see an endless throng,
Constantly chat and move along,
Some to inhale the morning air
And others bent with heavy care.

Ladies, like peacocks, flaunting gay
And farmers in their homespun grey,
And youthful foplings wearing rings,
Standing collars and other things ;
With hats aslant, hung on three hairs,
With dogs, and canes, and pompous airs.

There Pat Malone goes trudging down,
With lawyer Cross, with bag and gown ;
Now Paddy's voice rings on the air,
To use an oath he does not dare,
He only says : " In troth in sowl,
I struck him, sir, and made him howl.
Faix, all who know me say I'm civil,
But know that he's the very devil.
Upon my sowl, sir, once again,
The very thought affects my brain,
How dared he spill my glass of gin,
And then go kiss dear Mary Flinn,
The very girl I loved so dear,
As pay her way from Ireland here.
Assault and batt'ry—sure, bedad !
'Twas nothing only fun we had ;
A clout or two, on eyes and nose,
And holes in both our Sunday clothes ! "

RANDOM RHYMES.

The lawyer's smiles were strangely bland,
He twirled his cane in his right hand,
And in reply he said:—"Malone,
Although you fractured his shin bone,
And broke his nose, and blacked his eye,
So that his neighbors thought he'd die;
For ninety dollars, Pat, see here,
Of all this thing your skirts I'll clear."
But as their voices fainter grew,
I heard no more to tell to you.

JEALOUSY.

OH! from the monster jealousy
May we our poor hearts save,
Before I'd have a jealous mind,
I'd choose the lonely grave.

Though dark and dreary are the thoughts
Which cluster round the grave,
They are not such but Christian hearts,
Can manfully enslave.

But oh! the thoughts, the deadly thoughts,
Which in jealousy we find,
Are those which rend the strongest hearts,
And blast the greatest mind.

I care not how the cords of love
Have bound them in the past;
These cords will break and fly away,
Like chaff before the blast.

Just see that woman sitting there,
With cold angelic brow,
She once was young, and free from care,
But is not so just now.

What makes this lady look so sad ?
Her children all seem gay :
They know no better, but she does,
Their father is away.

And oh ! she thinks, " his heart is weaned,
From this poor heart of mine,
He cares not for the mazy dance,
Nor yet the sparkling wine.

" But ah ! that damsel's luring smiles,
(His giddy, vain coquette),
Now so engages all his thoughts,
That I'm no more his pet.

" He sometimes used to call me dear ;
He sometimes does so still,
But does it sound as once it did ?
Ah ! no, and never will !

" I saw him once cajoling her ;
She looked as pleased as life,
She acted towards him just as if
She was his loving wife.

" I felt just then as if my heart,
My troubled heart would burst ;
I felt as if a thousand darts
Into her heart I'd thrust.

" I wished him dead a thousand times,
I felt so much enraged ;

And from that moment down to this,
My wrath is not assuaged."

Oh! jealousy! whene'er thy fangs
Have fastened in a soul,
It has not then within itself,
The power of self control!

In my congratulatory address on the establishment of a Daily Mail
by Stage to Hustonville, I find the following :

WE hope this mail may never fail
To bring us news and friends from far ;
Nor be effaced until replaced,
By a substantial railway car.

THERE IS A GOD.

THE works of God do speak abroad,
The wonders of His name ;
The smallest brook, in darkest nook,
Displays to us his fame.

The little ant, and smallest plant,
The humming-bird and bee,
And insects too, which are, 'tis true,
Too small for man to see,

Do speak abroad, the power of God,
With voices loud and shrill ;
And say their birth proves, that on earth
He works His Sovereign will.

Again, if we, do solemnly,
Behold the lightnings flash ;
And then do hear, with Godly fear,
The rumbling thunders crash.

And then behold, with feelings cold,
The winter's howling blast,
Which does explain, with hoarse disdain,
The sinner's doom at last.

We'll surely know, that here below,
There reigns a God of love ;
E'en as he reigns o'er all the plains,
Of that bright world above.

THE BEST THEOLOGY.

THAT Theology is the best,
Which man in this life e'er possessed,
Which makes a man, while here, secure
A life benevolent and pure.

TO MRS. IRA EDMUNDS,

OF HOLLIN.

SINCE to thy home, to board I've come,
I ask thy special care ;
And if I stray from wisdom's way,
Then grant a mother's prayer.

And this boon too, I ask of you,
A mother's kind reproof,
So long as I, with care shall try.
To dwell beneath thy roof.

May 24th 1859.

D

FAIR THISTLEHILL.

UP comes the pen, down goes the book,
As out of the window I look.
Indeed, I must write, though I write not with ease,
About the effect of the heart-cheering breeze,
Which sometimes flies off, or perhaps lies so still,
That it lives not at all on fair Thistlehill.

This morning I see its effect,
Its movements I plainly detect,
Though onward it moves, without even a sigh.
These flowers which drooped, and were ready to die,
Lift up their parched leaves, and by nodding declare,
That of its fragrant breath they all richly share.

The birds also cheerfully prove,
That this breeze, they ardently love.
Those charming canaries, that swing in their cage,
Sing more sweetly now, than they have for an age,
And they open their beaks, and with voices shrill,
They sing for Naomi, on fair Thistlehill.

July 14th, 1861.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-ALLAN.

(PARODY.)

WITH a quivering lip, dear Glen-Allan,
With a sorrowful tear in my eye,
With a heart, full of deepest emotion,
I am forced now to bid thee good bye.
Though the word seems too chilling to utter,
Though it rends from my heart a deep sigh,
Yet with voice full of boundless emotion,
Glen-Allan, dear village, good bye.

Farewell to those kind Christian neighbors,
Who have wept with us, while in our woe;
Farewell, to all those who have aided
In watching, dear Willie, while low;
And the hand that in tenderest kindness,
Closed forever his sparkling black eyes;
May the God of our darling reward them,
And give them a home in the skies.

Farewell to thy cheerful surroundings,
Thy beautiful river and rills,
Thy halls, and thy churches, and graveyards,
Thy valleys, and wheatgrowing hills.
Though the word seems too chilling to utter,
Though it wrings from my heart a deep sigh,
Yet, with voice full of boundless emotion,
Glen-Allan, dear village, good bye !!

THE BEST EDUCATION.

ERUDITION gained at college,
Cannot equal that self-knowledge,
Which, by experience, we gain,
Through hardest labour, grief, and pain.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

ANOTHER day has passed away,
Just like the early dew,
Or like the cloud, which does enshroud
The morning's crimson hue;
So with the life, of joy, or strife,
Which here we mortals spend;
Just like a dream, to us 'twill seem
When hurried to its end.

THE CHERRY TREE.

TO MISS SARAH EDMONDS.

To thee I'll write a line or two
About this tree which shaded you,
 In days of yore;
But if you laugh about this scrap,
Although you think I need a nap,
 I'll write no more.

This tree, this handsome cherry tree,
Which sheltered you, and now shades me
 From those hot rays,
Which penetrate its spacious boughs,
And cause its tiny leaflets close,
 On sunny days.

As now I view its spacious shade,
I think of Him whose hand has made
 The earth and sea;
And know that Jonah's blighted gourd
Such lasting joys could ne'er afford,
 To you and me.

Oh! may its branches still extend,
And may the little warblers lend
 Their songs of praise;
Long as they perch within its boughs,
And it on thee its shadow throws,
 In future days.

May 1859.

A DIFFERENCE.

LAST Monday night, while in this place,
I heard a dismal tale,
Which said that Hollin's dark disgrace,
Was—*That it did not fail*
Still to produce a trickster, who,
Would cheat his dearest friend ;
And tell consummate falsehoods too,
To bring about that end.

Then Hollin's folk should never "guess,"
That they are on a par
With Moorefield boys, who always bless
The produce of the jar ;
And swallow down the social glass,
Which always makes them sing,
Or bellow forth, just like an ass,
The honors of their king.

For though they act in this wild way,
And squander time and health,
And money too, which thing they say,
Is not procured by stealth ;
They never try to cheat a friend,
Or shave without some soap,
Though all their joys, do seem to end,
In swearing at the Pope !

THE FLOODED RIVER.

I LOVE the Spring amidst its wreck
Of ice, and snow, and rain ;
When the wild river rushes forth,
To reach the distant main.

I like to see it bear along
 Its conquered foe, the ice ;
 Which down it carries to its tomb,
 And buries slice by slice.

I love to wander on its banks,
 And hear its thund'ring roar ;
 As o'er its fall it pitches low,
 And foams from shore to shore.

Grand emblem of the life we live,
 As through this world we roam,
 Oppressed by care, and grief, and strife,
 Until we reach our home.

MINISTERIAL VOW.

BEFORE the Lord to-day I bow,
 And make this everlasting vow,
 I vow that I
 Will henceforth try
 To promulgate His cause,
 By showing those, who are His foes,
 The terror of His laws.

 I vow that I,
 Until I die,
 Will hold the Gospel plough ;
 And naught on earth, of wealth or mirth,
 Will cause me break my vow.

 But as I preach,
 And try to teach,
That truth which makes us free ; †
 O Lord, I pray, thy spirit may
 Still guide and comfort me.

† *John chap. viii, v. 32.*

THE SNOW.

THE thawing snow will shortly go,
Like ev'ry fleeting blessing ;
And leave behind some feelings kind,
And others quite distressing.

I'll think of days, when sunny rays
Did on its bosom glisten ;
While cheered along, by merry song,
I, to my bells did listen.

To bells that rang, and belles that sang,
On that bright sunny even ;
When with a sigh, I said I'd die,
And go right up to Heaven.

If Ellen dear, would not adhere,
To what I then was speaking,
For then I said, with hands outspread,
With love my heart was breaking.

Bright, pleasant snow ; say, must you go,
And thus destroy our sleighing ;
Or, can't you wait, and still elate
Those hearts with love decaying ?

PHILOSOPHY.

THE best philosophy I find,
Is to possess a tranquil mind ;
Whose placid surface lies serene,
No matter what is heard, or seen.

EVEN-SONG.

ALL earthly things must have an end,
Whene'er that end may be,
For this bright day could not extend,
Beyond its boundary.

Then, Gracious Master, let my end,
Be like this sunny eve,
And to that end, be thou my friend,
And then my soul receive.

HEAVEN.

WE look at earth, and earthly things ;
We view the pomp of worldly kings ;
Their gold and rank, which oft take wings,
And know that death, e'en their hearts stings,
And then we think of Heaven.

We think of all the grief and woe,
Which sin and Satan here do sow,
The booming cannon's fiery glow ;
The widow's sigh, the tears that flow,
And then we think of Heaven.

And when we see that hearts most brave,
Are oft disturbed by sorrow's wave,
And also view the open grave,
From which no human hand can save,
We always think of Heaven.

When loving hearts are turning cold,
And gentle tongues begin to scold ;

While all have sorrows yet untold,
Which wring the hearts of young and old,
Well may we think of Heaven.

In Heaven, no parting tears are shed,
No harsh, discordant words are said,
No winding sheets are ever spread
To wrap the cold and lifeless dead—
These never enter Heaven.

The cannon's roar, the scolding tongue,
The pains that rack both old and young,
From Heaven's portals shall be flung,
Nor shall they e'er be found among
The lasting joys of Heaven.

But songs of glory and of praise,
With humble voices we shall raise
To add a note to those sweet lays
Which Christ receives, through endless days,
In that bright land called Heaven.

AN INVALID TO HIS WIFE.

I NOW must leave the home I love,
And wander far away ;
But what this step to me may prove,
'Tis very hard to say.

I may recruit declining health,
Far down in Tennessee ;
And there acquire a little wealth,
For thy dear ones and thee.

Or otherwise a lonely grave,
May hide this mortal frame,
Although I'm naturally brave,
And bear a chieftain's name.

Perhaps no slab will tell the place,
Where first I breathed a breath;
Nor word be cut in marble face,
To show my home in death.

A stranger's hand may close these eyes,
Which now look love on thee;
A stranger's ears may hear my sighs,
Alone in Tennessee.

No hand on earth like thy dear hand,
No ear to hear like thine;
Nor is there on this earth a band
Of lovely pets like mine.

Then while I go to seek for health,
Far down in Tennessee;
I ask that thou, in woe or wealth,
May still remember me.

THE QUAIL.

Now flap your wings, and spread your tail,
And fly away, you foolish quail;
For if you don't, as sure as life,
I'll shoot, and take you to my wife.

God gave you senses, ears and eyes,
And sturdy wings to cleave the skies;
Why don't you then exert these things,
And use your ears, and eyes and wings?

Your *instinct* says "I'm sure to fail,
Because my hand can't reach your tail,"
But *reason* long since me has taught,
That I can reach you with some shot.

And as you're neither blind nor lame,
I think it neither sin nor shame
To pull this trigger e'er you fly,
And send some grains to make you die.

Defiant still, this foolish quail
Would neither use its wings nor tail!
I raised my gun, took steady aim,
And very soon I bagged my game.

MOOREFIELD, Dec. 8th, 1875,

Mr. ——— Debtor

To W. W. MOORE, \$5.91

I MUST pay bills accruing due,
Excuse me then for dunning you;
And if the cash you cannot bring;
Potatoes, or some other thing,
Good hay, or oats, or grist of wheat,
Or flour, or cheese, or side of meat,
Just bring along some good dry wood,
And pay this trifle as you should.

OUR LOT IS CAST; ALL HAVE CARES.

THE wary birds perceive their lot,
And vigil keep lest they be shot;
And when our piercing winters come,
The sunny south becomes their home.
Though born here, and here would stay,
Their lot is cast, they must obey;
The woods, where they had learned to sing,
They're forced to leave, on quiv'ring wing.
While thus their native groves they leave,
Surely their little hearts must grieve.

The poor worms, too, which, when we meet,
We crush to death beneath our feet,
Must feel their grief to be profound,
Since they are forced to crawl the ground.

The fishes too, that swim the sea,
From rueful lots are not quite free;
'Midst harpoons, hooks, and loopy twine,
How oft they're snatched from out the brine;
And e'er they reach the boiling pot,
How oft they mourn their doleful lot.

The cooing dove, the timid hare,
And gentle fawn are full of care.
The nimble deer now lightly bounds,
Before the hungry, yelping hounds;
But as she jumps, full well she knows
They smell her tracks, where e'er she goes.
No wonder then, her heart would fret,
While thus she knows her lot is set.

The gentle sheep may browse and bleat,
Until her master wants some meat;

Then maugre lambs and silken wool,
He cuts her throat, or breaks her skull.

Behold that cow, she's nobly bred,
See how she holds her graceful head!
She whisks the flies with her long tail,
But never kicks the flowing pail.
Yet, see that man, with sharpened knife,
Hold down her calf, and take its life;
And that before her glowing eyes,
While both their voices rend the skies;
The dying calf implores for life;
Its mother cries—"Oh! stay that knife!"

Behold the horse, of any breed,
The heavy dray, or racing steed,
The draft horse pulls his heavy load,
Until he falls down on the road;
He jumps right up, and starts afresh,
With shattered knees, and trembling flesh.
He vainly pulls, his strength is done,
Yet, teamster flogs him, as for fun.

The trotter dashes round the course,
With snapping whip, and driver hoarse;
She did it twice, this is her last,
The winning post, she's flying past,
The line is crossed, look at the stand,
The board is in the judge's hand,
And there, quite plainly, can be seen,
The glowing figures, "Two fourteen."
The driver's hat, as well as wig,
Are pitched high off his head and gig,
He sponges Pet's distended nose,
And rubs her down, from head to toes.

They admire her form—praise her breed,
And glory in her matchless speed ;
But Pet, next day, could tell a tale
About the little, rusty nail,
About the flinty gravel, too,
That stole between her hoof and shoe,
And, if she had a human tongue,
She might say something of her lung.
She's highly bred, and she can trot,
But still there's trouble in her lot.

THE PET PIG

THOUGH my pet pig
Has now grown big,
Soon as it hears me whistle ;
It runs and grunts,
And for food hunts,
While strange pigs set their bristle.

I call the dog ;
Then my pet hog
Comes running for its dinner ;
While neighbor's hogs
Look out for dogs,
And run like any sinner !

If doubting men
Call at the Glen,
On any future day ;
With hands on hips,
I'll pout my lips,
And prove just what I say.

Glenallan, Oct. 1868.

"YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

YOUNG man, go west,
Like all the rest,
Both old and young are going ;
Like a dream,
Or a stream,
Eternally they're flowing,
To the West.

All our neighbors
Stop their labors,
Their unmilked cows are lowing ;
And their sheep
Stand and weep,
And wonder what they're doing
Going West.

The tenant's dead,
Out there, 'tis said,
And harsh landlords are unknown ;
Ev'ry man
Finds a plan
To get land that's all his own,
In the West.

Go and take it,
Start to break it,
That's just all you have to do ;
Go and stand
On the land,
And you're lord of all you view,
In the West.

ODE TO THE SUN.

BEAUTIFUL Sun,
Thy course is run,
And now 'tis dreary night;
And as I muse,
Just what I choose,
I write by poor, lamp light.

With other spheres,
Six thousand years,
Right in thy well-known way,
With steady tread,
Thou'st marched ahead,
Nor rested night nor day.

Art thou a soul
Who can control,
Thy course that's daily run;
And canst thou still,
Thy rounds fulfil,
And say when they are done:

*"I'll take my ease,
Just when I please,
I'll hide my precious light;
And cast all spheres,
Midst woes and tears,
Into eternal night."*

Or wert thou sent
Through God's intent,
To show our sinful race
That as thy light
Shone day and night,
So does His boundless grace.

And as thy light,
Shone day and night,
Since day and night began ;
So has His love.
Shone from above,
To cheer poor, simple man.

No servant fair,
In earth or air,
Could e'er more faithful be ;
Not e'en the wave,
Which does so lave,
The beach which bounds the sea.

We can see change,
Through all the range,
Creation doth portray ;
But all through time,
In ev'ry clime,
Thou wast as thou'rt to-day.

No feet hast thou,
To walk, I trow,
With sorely blistered toes ;
Nor downy bed,
To rest thy head,
And yet I ask—Who Knows ?

Perhaps thou hast,
Through ages past,
Received a bounteous pay ;
To run around,
Earth's utmost bound,
And bless us in this way.

And if thou hast,
Why not at last,

Engage some other sun ;
To take thy place,
And move apace,
Thy weary course to run ?

That thou, thus blest,
May'st have a rest,
From all thy weary toil ;
For I dare vow,
I think just now,
Thy wheels must need some oil.

Yet I can't see,
By viewing thee,
A single wheel or wing ;
A head or tail,
An oar or sail,
Or any moving thing.

But like an eye,
Placed in the sky,
You look with fiery glow,
And strike those blind
Who would dare find,
Through human sight to know,

How brightly pure,
Thou canst endure
To shed thy precious rays,
And not exhaust,
Through heat or frost,
Thy light through endless days.

No floods of oil
Dost thou e'er boil,
No whirling clouds of smoke,

No hissing steam,
Nor whistle's scream,
No harness, chains, nor yoke.

Thy gas ne'er fails,
Nor do thy sails
E'er need the aid of twine ;
Nor does thy head,
Though blazing red,
E'er reel through too much wine.

Then while we're told,
By those of old,
That angels must have food,
We must exclaim,
In Wisdom's name,
Who are the tiny brood ?

That they should dare,
With thee compare,
Who does not need to eat
The sweetest pies
Beneath the skies,
Nor yet the best of meat.

Though they can talk,
And laugh, and walk,
And fly to worlds unknown,
They are so shy,
Like butterfly,
They're here and then they're gone.

But thou alone,
Dost hold thy throne,
While earthly cannons rust ;
Or, while they roar
From shore to shore,
And nations fall to dust.

While Rome and Greece,
With *golden fleece*,
And Sparta's soldiers brave,
Midst their glory,
Song and story,
Lie silent in the grave.

That God alone,
Can seize thy throne,
Who made thee what thou art,
And only He,
Can say to thee—
“Thy glory must depart!”

But as a man
Readily can
Destroy the weakest fly,
So He with ease,
Whene'er he please,
Can blot thee from the sky.

GRACE.

At my Birthday Dinner.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for daily food,
O! grant that it may do us good;
And as to-day I'm forty-five,
Still bless us all while we're alive;
And when all earthly ties are riven,
Then let us feast with Thee in Heaven.—Amen.

Dec. 25, 1882.

BITHIAH TO NAOMI.

While at the Collegiate Institute, Brantford.

I SIT alone, up in my room,
 And I'm neither smart nor witty!
 But as I sit, of course, I think
 Of Naomi, in the city.

The house is still, and very dull,
 And as I sit, and think, and write,
 I fain would have you pack your books,
 And take the train for home to-night.

Pa says that half the house seems gone!
 And you, I think, would say the same
 If you would come and peep around,
 And see mamma, she acts so tame.

The children, too, yes, every one,
 A hundred kisses to you send,
 And say they wish the Brantford folk,
 One sight of you to us would lend.

Now, pack your books, and come right back,
 Right back to dear old Hustonville,
 And say to Brantford school farewell,
 And you'll our dearest wish fulfil.

June 1879.

BITHIAH ORNAN MOORE.

ON THE FLYSHEET OF "BIGOTRY DEMOLISHED."

MR. BAILIE,

WHEN you have nothing else to do,
 The pages of this book pursue;
 For in them couched, you'll surely find
 The tracings of a master mind.

HUSTONVILLE REQUIEM.

POOR Hustonville! you must not die,
Until I speak your name;
And sing the lonely requiem,
Which does my heart inflame.

How little do the passers-by,
Who vainly wag the head,
Know of thy by-gone, joyous days,
Though now thou'rt nearly dead.

How little do they know that here,
O'er twenty years ago,
Friend Tromenhaucer built a dam,
To stop the river's flow.

And built a mill, three stories high,
And built a sawmill too,
That we might grind our wheat at home,
And have our lumber new.

Nor do they care, a single hair,
That this same powerful dam,
Which I, with joy, when but a boy,
Helped build with Buck and Lamb.

Were carried down the rolling stream,
And ne'er return again;
Just like the thoughts, which from my brain,
Roll through this tardy pen.

But though they sneer, when passing by,
And laugh thee now to scorn;
Thou had'st a jolly, happy day,
E'er Moorefield had been born.

Four stores thou did'st for years sustain,
And many garlands won,
Long, long before we ever thought
We'd have a Palmerston.

And blacksmiths' shops had ample work,
At night their anvils rang;
Our bootmakers then waxed their thread,
And love-songs gaily sang.

Yes, long before these thundering cars,
Had dared to pass us by,
Before they tolled their deathlike bell,
Which said that we should die.

Our churches, too, when Sabbath came,
Were filled to overflow;
The passers-by may shake their heads,
As now it is not so.

The two hotels that here had stood.
For over twenty years,
To fill the poor man's purse with cash,
To dry the orphan's tears ! (?)

Alas ! alas ! in ashes now,
They smoulder in our sight ;
And not a drunkard e'er disturbs
The stillness of our night.

An Orange Lodge once flourished here,
And beat its powerful drum ;
And Richey sold good whiskey here,
And Belden sold good rum.

To-day our streets look desolate ;
Some sheep with lengthy fleece,

Run up and down most listlessly,
And so do flocks of geese ;

As well as many saucy pigs,
Which lounge around the doors,
And squeal for food until the dead
Could almost hear their roars.

No doctors now our streets infest,
To mix a hasty pill ;
To salivate, or loose the teeth,
Or dreary graves to fill.

Though some may think it very strange,
Or say, it is not so ;
*There's not one here, who here had lived
Just twenty years ago.*

James Davidson, from Drayton comes,
To haul our town away ;
He first pulled off the dwelling-house
Of Lieutenant Tom Gray.

And placed it down, at Moorefield town,
To make a parsonage,
Of Wittie's shop they'll make a church,
Our anger to assuage.

And off to Moorefield he is now,
Removing it with speed ;
Because at Hustonville, he thinks,
Of prayers we have no need.

Robinson's store, he soon will move,
If it don't totter down,
For it is now the oldest store
In this poor shattered town.

Our bootmaker is bound to flit,
He says this coming fall ;
Then Jim will have another job,
If Brendle's shop he haul.

Though Beemer's shop, which Belden built,
Is made of massive stone ;
E'en this old shop, I'll bet my kilt,
They will not let alone.

They'll tear it down, and take the stones,
To build a Moorefield mill ;
Or build a private residence,
On Parson Moore's old hill.

Who knows but soon that time will come,
When canny, cool McBeth
Will haul the old McCleary shops,
With all their length and breadth.

And place them on McCulloch's lots,
Right o'er the railway track ;
And move his rusty engine too,
And never more come back.

One mercy still we do enjoy,
Which none can from us take,
That is our bathing place, which now
Is nice as any lake.

While Moorefield's folk enjoy themselves,
By singing sacred hymns ;
We, Hustonites, enjoy ourselves,
Midst dives and lengthy swims.

Our river's nice, meand'ring bed,
Will keep its onward flow ;
Though every one in Hustonville,
To Moorefield up should-go.

Alas ! alas ! dear Hustonville,
Though now thou art forlorn,
Whene'er I think of by-gone days,
My heart is forced to mourn.

And though just now in death's cold grasp,
Thy limbs lie cold and still,
I say midst all my youthful thoughts,
I love thee, Hustonville.

August, 1876.

A LONE WATCH-MEETING—1876-1877.

It's Sunday night, the snow is deep,
The frost bechills the air,
And many voices o'er this earth,
Are heard in sacred prayer.

And many hands around this globe.
Are raised in love toward Heaven,
To render thanks for seventy-six,
As well as seventy-seven.

The dear Old Year is grey with age ;
The New is young and fair ;
The New comes in with merry chime ;
The Old goes out 'midst prayer.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six,
Has had its ups and downs,
And eighteen hundred, seventy-seven,
Will have its smiles and frowns.

I'm sitting all alone, alone !
My wife and children sleep ;

And as I wake the Old Year out,
I'm almost forced to weep.

I hear the clock in solemn tones,
Say, "*Though, indeed, 'twas brave,
I now must strike the last, sad blow,
And send it to its grave.*"

Ah! think of how this poor, Old Year,
Preserved this land of ours
From such sad wars, as now disturb
The peace of other powers!

And think of how it has withheld
Such pestilential gales
As those which swept o'er Asia's plains,
And ransacked all its dales.

And think of how its commerce grew,
Of how its trade progressed;
Of how it willed us all the wealth,
Of which we're now possessed.

How many millions has it blessed,
Both potentate and slave!
How many, then, with me to-night,
Should weep beside its grave?

Come! ere we close its coffin lid,
Let one long prayer be given,
That as its days are done on earth,
It long may rest in Heaven.

The Young Year now, like pretty babe,
Is dressed in snowy white,
And truly happy we should be,
To see this babe to-night.

Though some are pining on sad beds
Of sorrow and disease,
This pretty babe called seventy-seven,
Their troubled thoughts appease.

They feel that though through seventy-six,
They often wept through pain ;
Since they have lived till seventy-seven,
They're sure of health again.

Those smitten hearts, which in the past,
Through true-love did repine,
Are full of hope, that in this year,
Their loving arms will twine

Around the necks of those they love,
And, without sigh or moan,
Kiss, o'er and o'er, their lovers' lips,
And kiss them as their own.

And those dear mothers, who have sat,
From morn till setting sun,
And wept and prayed their wayward ones
Might have their wanderings done.

That they once more may shed a tear,
Of gratitude and joy,
Since this bright year of seventy-seven,
Has brought them back their boy ;

Has brought them too, that much loved girl,
Who strayed from Wisdom's ways,
But now returns to make amends,
Through all her future days.

The New Year brings vacation too,
When those that are at school,

Get free from all their little cares,
As well as masters' rule.

Like swallows now, they glide along
The sheets of glassy ice;
Their freedom, and their slippery skates,
They value above price.

Our markets too, are very brisk,
Our roads not slushed by rain;
And farmers, on their heavy sleighs,
Bring in their golden grain.

Though we outlived old seventy-six,
We may not seventy-seven;
Then let us all, with one accord,
Prepare to meet in Heaven.

ACROSTIC.

My lovely friend, dear Miss Munro,
In streams my love to you does flow,
Since dear Naomi gave to me
Such glowing portraitures of thee.

Mellifluous thy gentle voice,
And eyes of blue—an angel's choice,
Grand locks of flowing light-brown hair,
Given to grace thy face so fair.
In manner portly and serene,
E'en dignified, as any queen.

My heart from aches, will ne'er be free,
Until thy charming face I see;
Nor shall I fail, when I have tried,
Right earnestly, in all my pride
Or eagerness, to call thee—bride!

HELL'S LOCATION.

ALL Christians who live in this world,
Point upward to the sky,
And say their souls will fly right up,
To Heaven soon as they die.

If it be true this earth is round,
Then, can those Christians tell,
Where that place is, they dread so much,
That awful place called Hell?

If Heaven is *up*, and Hell is *down*,
It seems quite plain to me,
That Heaven lies above the skies,
And Hell beneath the sea.

Three-quarters of this globe is clad,
With waters cold and deep;
To keep its surface nice and cool,
That Hell its bounds may keep.

But even then the other third,
Proves plain as day to me,
That Hell's location right within,
This very Earth must be.

For Vesuvius and Ætna,
And all volcanoes tell
That they are smoke stacks, wide and tall,
For this foul lake, called Hell!

THE NEST OF GOLDEN ROBINS.

FYFE caught some pretty baby birds,
And put them in his cage ;
Then poor old goldie, flapped his wings,
And flew into a rage.

He fluttered round and tried to scare,
His darling brood away,
He dashed against the sounding wires,
But found it did not pay.

Then off he flew to seek them food,
And some he quickly brought,
And fed his little captive babes,
The food they so much sought.

He fed them all that hot forenoon,
With kind parental care,
And never thought that ere that night
Their prison house he'd share.

The trap was set, and in he went,
The songster now was caught ;
But even here, to feed his brood,
By nature he was taught.

And flies, and berries, oft he took,
Within his slender beak,
And placed them in their open mouths,
For over one full week.

But being bound from his free scope,
Their native food ran dry ;
And well he knew, his golden brood
Would shortly droop and die,

And die they did, all in one night,
And then his heart gave way ;
And Annie laid him in his grave,
Beside his babes to-day ;

And planted fragrant flowers around,
Their pretty little tomb ;
And, though 'tis strange, the little birds
Have filled our homes with gloom.

HYMN

OH ! sinners dear, why do you stray,
Down on that much frequented way
Which leads to death and hell ?
Impede your wild and sinful race,
And come to God through His free grace,
And bid your sins farewell.

Oh ! sinners dear, why will you go
Down to that place of endless woe,
Since Christ the Saviour died ?
For sin He bled upon the tree,
And breathed His last on Calvary,
All things are now supplied.

Oh ! sinners dear, extort the cry,
I must be saved before I die,
Or else be lost for aye !
And search God's Word with good intent,
Before your days on earth are spent,
And daily watch and pray.

Oh ! "sinners dear, why will you die ?"
Your Great Creator asks you why ;
Since he has paid the debt.
Then, sinners, come without delay,
And tell your loved ones now astray,
There's room for millions yet.

Moorefield, Sept. 19th, 1855.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

A SCOTCH LEGEND.

ONE night an old neighbour coming down from the heights,
Heard very strange music, though he then saw no lights
He sat down to listen, amidst fear and surprise,
While the music ascended from earth to the skies ;
And he then, in a moment, while yet sitting still,
Heard a wild Highland laugh on the side of the hill,
And an unearthly noise, 'twas a great fairy dance,
He now wished himself home, but he dared not advance.

He saw thousands of fairies, who were full of glee,
Some as low as a shrub, some as tall as a tree ;
Then a tall fairy lady danced out from the blaze,
And figured around in the most outlandish ways ;
And with light, fairy step, and a smile the most bland,
She flew straight to this neighbour and caught his right
hand :

*Come quickly, she said, for the night is advancing,
When the village cock crows we must quit our dancing.*

He could not resist her, no, he dared not refrain,
Though his wife and his home he should ne'er see again,
He bounded as though he was light as a feather,

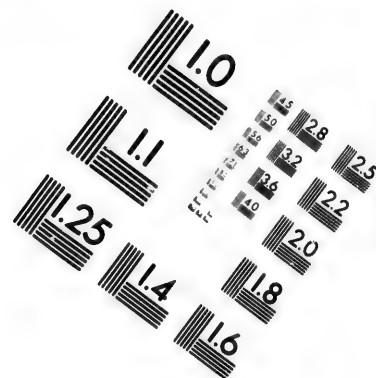
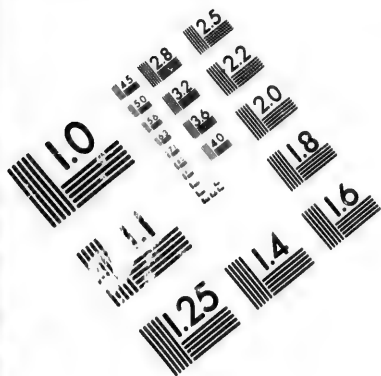
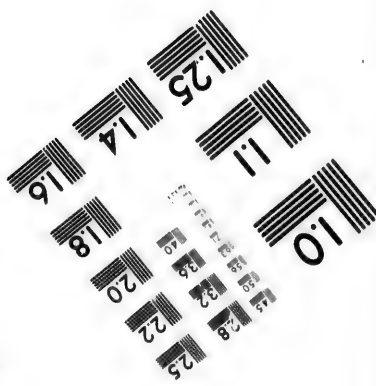
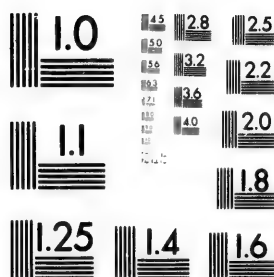
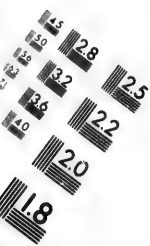


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And danced with his nymph midst the sweet-smelling
heather.

Now with left hand around her, his right on his heart,
He asked the sad question : *Must I from thee depart ?*
I'd die for thee dearest, Oh ! loveliest Fairy !
I loved thee from childhood, I loved thee dear Mary !
I thought that the grave could undying love sever,
But I plainly now see that love lives forever.

Though dead for ten years, said the nymph of the hill,
While the fairies all played, I have always sat still,
Or I've wandered away 'mongst the hills and the trees,
Or alone by your bedside, I've been on my knees.
My tears often flowed, while my fellows were laughing,
Or the nectar of gods they were joyously quaffing.
So now, my dear Will, since to-night you're a fairy,
Once more let us love, for I am your dear Mary.

And while she was talking, she presented a chair,
And most gracefully bowing, said "please to sit there."
And his looks, as he sat, were so placid and free,
That instant, she seated herself on his knee.
Just then, chanticleer crew, with a voice loud and shrill,
And this beautiful nymph flew away from poor Will.

TO BROTHER.

CHRIST has died on Calvary,
To redeem both you and me
From our sins, though they are more
Than the sands upon the shore.
 Anthems to Him let us sing,
 Since He has become our King.

PAT AND SIR WALTER.

Sir Walter Scott walked out one day,
For exercise he plodded;
And as he sauntered in this way,
Pat to his honor nodded;
With hat in hand, and head quite low:
"A sixpence, sir," said he,
"Will buy a loaf of bread, or so,
I'm far from home, you see.

"The brogue is still upon my tongue,
They treat me like a Turk,
Upon my sowl, if I was hung,
The devil a turn of work."

"Stop," said his honor, "that will do;
I would, indeed, be willing
To give you sixpence, Pat, 'tis true,
But take from me this shilling;
The half of it, to me, you'll owe.
Now, Pat, do not forget it,
Or, in the world beyond, you know,
You may, indeed, regret it!"

"Oh! bless your honor," now said Pat,
"Good christians always give,
Troth, if your body still grows fat,
And if your honor live,
Until this sixpence you receive,
Faith, as its mine, I'll bet it!
You'll never die, I do believe,
Och! may you live to get it!

Sir Walter laughed, while Paddy bowed,
And clasped his hands to pray,
That blessings big and long, and loud,
Might help him on his way.

AN IRISH HALLOW-E'EN.

ON Hall-e'en night,
With faces bright,
The boys and girls assemble ;
The girls so sweet,
And gay and neat,
That angels they resemble.

The boys all spry,
With laughing eye,
Bewitchingly beguiling ;
Run here and there,
With pompous air,
To keep their loved ones smiling.

They make a trump,
Of cabbage stump,
And blow a blast unceasing ;
While other boys,
With little noise,
Their neighbor's roosts are fleecing.

Drove after drove,
Oft cease to rove,
And bring their precious plunder ;
And cast it down,
Without a frown,
'Midst laughter loud as thunder.

Here now comes Jack,
And on his back,
A greyish, well-fed gander ;
The grey goose, too,
He brings, 'tis true,
And to the girls does hand her.

On their backs,
Come living sacks,
Of squeaking ducks and chickens ;
And here there came,
Though he was lame,
A renegade called Dickens

Who, by his side,
With honest pride,
A good old fiddle carried ;
Whose slender strings,
Like living things,
Rejoiced when neighbors married.

And here there came,
A man whose name,
I cannot now remember ;
But he would tell,
To beau and belle,
Their fortunes in November.

Now Biddy Foy,
Brimful of joy,
Stood up and spoke aloud ;
" Let each one pluck,
A chick, or duck,
To feed the hungry crowd."

Then, in they went,
With hearts content ;
To set the feathers flying ;
Ere they were done,
They had such fun,
Through laughter they were crying.

The old ones sat,
To have a chat,
While some their pipes were smoking ;

And others laughed,
And whiskey quaffed,
To keep alive the joking.

Just now, though late,
In came Westgate,
John Westgate here I mean,
He shook his head,
And wildly said,
I'll tell you what I've seen.

"I saw my wife,
With butcher-knife,
Jump o'er the hedge to-night;
She was so cross,
Not worth a toss
I'll be for years through fright.

"Some time ago,
I heard, you know,
If I could find a brier
Whose stem would grow,
Just like a bow,
It's top to earth retire

"And there take root,
And upward shoot,
Then I, by crawling under,
Might plainly see,
And have a spree,
With this mad Spectre-wonder.

"Her hair stood straight
Upon her pate,
Her eyes flashed balls of fire;
She called me fool,
And Satan's tool,
And thief, and rogue, and liar.

" Though dark to-night,
Her knife was bright,
As round her head she swung it;
I then could see,
That right at me,
She savagely had flung it.

" And with a hum,
I heard it come,
And as it just was falling
I heard her cry,
I'll have you die,
For thus my spirit calling.

" I then could see,
Close by her knee,
A bull-dog fiercely growling;
The De'il, thought I,
Chained to her thigh,
Is at me madly growling.

" My heart now failed,
My spirit quailed,
And 'neath that brier sprawling;
I calmly lay,
And tried to pray,
And loud for help was calling.

" I vainly tried,
Myself to hide;
I backed from 'neath that brier,
Then, she and her
Infernal cur,
Flew off, in flames of fire."

" All·very well,"
Said Susan Bell,
" Your story is well told,

Last Hal-een night,
I got a fright,
That makes me look so old.

"To some 'twould seem,
That *maring stream
Has waters who're enchanted
Your lover true,
They'll bring to you,
If of them you're not daunted.

"So out I went,
With heart full bent
To wash my bran new *shimmie*;
Thinking that I,
Not being shy,
Would see my own, dear Jemmie.

"And as I washed,
And soused, and squashed,
My *shimmie* on the flag;
I heard one speak,
Right in the creek,
And there I saw the hag.

"With wrinkled face,
She walked apace,
And called to me quite often;
You need not fear,
Though, Susan dear,
I bring you Jemmie's coffin,

"I gave a yell,
And backward fell,
I fainted dead through fright;
Oh! pity me,
For now you see,
My hair is grey to-night.

* A stream which divides parcels of land.

" And Jemmie's grave,
Lies where the wave
Of old Killalla's bay,
Sighs evermore,
Along the shore,
While for his soul I pray."

Just now came in,
Young Michael Flynn,
" Ill bet," said he, " this apple ;
That not one hear,
Can, without fear,
Go over to the chapel,

" And all alone,
Place this flat stone
Upon the grave of Nancy ;
You boast and brag,
But that old hag,
Will make you run, I fancy."

Dickens at last,
Said,—"*Not so fast,*
If you will hold my fiddle ,
I'll take that stone,
And go alone,
And place it on the middle

" *Of that same mound,*
Where, 'neath the ground,
That murderess is lying ;
I care not how,
The ghosts may row,
Or old banshees are crying."

" Well done ! well done !
We'll have some fun,"
Cried all the crowd together ;

"If Dickens goes,
Before cock crows,
His hide she'll surely leather,"

Up Dickens sprang,
And with a whang,
The door came bang behind him;
And out he went,
Fully intent
That Nancy should not bind him.

With fearless tread,
He walked ahead,
Till 'midst the graves he wandered,
The lone night owl,
Began to howl,
Then on his course he pondered,

What right, thought he,
Have I to be
The butt of all their laughter;
He grins and nods,
Yet onward plods,
Till in a moment after,

He heard a sound
Right under ground,
And o'er his head another,
One voice called "Ma!"
The other "Pa!"
He then screamed "Holy Mother!"

This was no joke,
For now a stroke
Had blackened both his thighs,
And as he fell,
He gave a yell,
With hands above his eyes.

And there he lay,
Half swooned away,
And now, as sure as death ;
From head to heel,
His soul could feel,
The power of Nancy's breath.

"He's long away,"
They all now say,
"Young Flynn, and you O'Larys ;
Go to the grave,
And do be brave,
And never mind the fairies."

And now these three,
'Midst roars of glee,
Went out lame Dickens hunting :
And soon they found
Him on the ground,
A buckgoat at him bunting.

Then home he came,
And though quite lame,
He ran them out of sight ;
And not a sound,
With tone profound,
His fiddle gave that night.

From then till now
He thinks, somehow,
There are both ghosts and fairies ;
Whether they be
Of you, or me,
Of Biddies, Janes, or Marys.

The fortunes then,
We heard, of men,
Of girls, and gray old witches ;

If you were there,
I now declare
You'd laugh yourself to stitches.

The day now dawned,
While many yawned,
And rubbed their sleepy eye ;
Yet fully bent
As home they went,
That Hal-e'en ne'er should die.

OFFICE RENT.

If the money this week we made,
On this square table now were laid,
This office rent could soon be paid ;
But as the money has been spent,
We can't afford to pay the rent.

GLEN-ALLAN LAUGHING.

THEY laugh at the days
Of the old ox-sleighs,
And the clumsy, two-wheeled cart ;
At the days when the deer,
And the wolf roamed here,
To cheer or chill the heart.

And they laugh at the roads,
And the log abodes,
Which so served their early day ;
And they laugh at the cares,
And their downcast airs,
Which so soon have passed away.

VICEREGAL EXAMPLE..

Most noble daughter of our Queen,
Thy grace and beauty we have seen ;
And while we love to view thy face,
We prize much more the Christian grace
Which beams refulgent as the sun
Through all the course which thou hast run,
Since to this country thou hast come.

Our daughters see thy good example,
And soon will on their folly trample ;
They see that beauty does not lie
In foolish, flaunting tapestry ;
In gewgaws and in golden chains,
But common sense and sterling brains.

Our sons have also not forborne,
To learn a lesson from Lord Lorne ;
Whose high-bred worth and portly mien,
Would deck the son of any queen ;
No worldly pomp can e'er beguile,
The noble son of great Argyle.

May glory ever wreath the brow,
And love, and beauty, still adorn,
The noble daughter of our Queen,
As well as that of good Lord Lorne.

Toronto, Sept. 20th, 1879.

THEE.

At morning's dawn I daily think,
Of those I often long to see ;
And then my deepest, loving thoughts,
My dear, at once revert to Thee.

At noon, when dinner time rolls round,
And for an hour from shop I'm free ;
With nimble feet I trip along,
To get a glance once more, at Thee.

And when the evening shadows fall,
And other gents go on the spree ;
My greatest joy, and brightest time,
Is then to sit and chat with Thee.

My eyes flash love when I behold,
Thy graceful form, so full of glee ;
Now, while I press thee to my heart,
I vow I'll have none else but Thee.

PEACE.

PEACE is the greatest blessing,
An earthly home can have ;
A home this gem possessing,
Has more than heart can crave.

Though sorrows often harass,
And fears disturb the soul ;
Though trials may embarrass,
Yet, peace dispels the whole.

Be what the man's position ;
His calling what it may ;
Merchant, clerk, physician,
I falter not to say.

If peace reigns in his dwelling,
Quite free from discord's sting,
His wealth is far excelling
The wealth of any king.

SELFISHNESS.

WHO, but a craven dog,
Would ever dare to roam,
And like a hound or hog,
Infest a poor man's home ?

The Indian knows his grounds,
Whene'er he sallies out,
With gun and nimble hounds,
Or rod and line for trout.

Nor will he dare to touch
His neighbour's lawful prey,
Though right within his clutch,
Hungry he wends his way.

Ah ! mortal man, how frail,
How frail the dearest friend !
We try to know, but fail,
On whom we can depend.

Ah ! if when we were born,
A few short, heavy sighs
Had caused us to adorn
The home beyond the skies.

For there, no selfish soul
Disturbs the peaceful throng,
Love permeates the whole
So much that none do wrong.

All trials soon will cease,
Rewards will soon be given
To those who live in peace,
And plod their way to Heaven.

FORLORN.

AN ACROSTIC.

AH ! what a thing it is to be,
 Forsaken in adversity ;
 And it is yet a greater woe,
 To think that even friends will go
 Far from you when the day has come,
 In which you have no gorgeous home.
 Since I'm forsaken in this way,
 Here I insert my thoughts to-day,
 And say, that when such friends forsake
 No wonder hearts of stone would break;
 Death, even death, would seem to be,
 A glorious land of liberty ;
 Giving to me a constant friend,
 Or one who would my rights defend.
 Lord, since my earthly friends have fled,
 Descend and prop my drooping head ;
 E'en as thou dost so plainly see,
 No earthly friend doth care for me.
 Desert me not, O Lord, I pray,
 In this my dark and trying day,
 Since now on earth my grief can't end,
 Have mercy, and be Thou my friend.

 A FACT ABOUT POETS.

THE immortal Burns once was poor,
 And so were Milton and Tom Moore ;
 But they had rare, poetic brains,
 And perseverance too ;
 And those things soon begot them gains,
 And friends, both good and true.

MOOREFIELD POST-OFFICE STORE PLACARD.

HE has bread and potatoes, always on hand,
Plucked turkeys, and chickens, and geese at command,
He keeps all you require, to wear and to eat,
The best of fresh butter, good hams and fresh meat.

There's nothing of these and a thousand things more,
But you'll find safely housed in the "Post-Office Store,"
And to keep a good name and pay as he goes,
Is now fully resolved by John W. Lowes.

January 21st, 1876.

"LOOK TO HE!"

The above caption was once used, in my hearing, by a local preacher. The grammatical blunder alone forced me to retain the idea couched in the expression ; and in about twenty years afterwards, I wrote the following stanzas :

WHEN the dearest friends forsake thee,
And the ills of life o'ertake thee,
Calmly see
How the arms of Christ infold thee,
While these ills have wisely told thee,
"Look to He!"

These few words have oft amused me,
Ere the cares of life abused me ;
Can it be,
Now as cares are creeping o'er me,
That these words sha'n't stand before me,
"Look to He!"

A COMEDY.

In the happy town of Moorefield,
There stands a good hotel,
In which the strange occurrences,
Which I'm about to tell,
Took place upon a summer's night,
Not many years ago,
Unto a handsome brunette lass,
Whose life was all aglow.

She was a stranger in the place,
Was stopping for the night ;
But after all were sound asleep,
She nearly died with fright.

The man who kept this extra house,
Before he went to bed,
On every night within the year,
Would place beneath his head
Two bottles of the purest wine,
His skill and means could find
That ev'ry morning he might have,
It near to soothe his mind.

Through some mistake, he placed the wine
Beneath the lady's head ;
And she, unconscious of the fact,
Slept soundly as though dead.

The wine fermented, and the corks
Flew out with two great shots ;
She thought the bullets pierced her head,
And blood rushed from the spots.
Her hands and clothes were covered o'er,
She gave a piercing yell,

And senseless, fainting, to the floor,
Immediately she fell.

The door was burst; oh! what a sight,
The maiden lay in gore,
Rigid, and lifeless as a corpse,
Upon the bedroom floor.

Post-haste the doctor then was called,
With his dissecting knife,
But ere he came, the landlord said,
He'd have her for his wife.
She looked so pretty in her shroud,
While senseless there she lay,
For well he knew that *bottled wine*,
Could soon be washed away.

And when she ope'd her deep, black eyes,
She saw the doctor stand,
With solemn face, and startled eyes,
And probe held in his hand.

She uttered in a trembling voice,
"Oh! doctor, I am dead!
I felt the bullets strike me here,
Both struck me in the head."

The doctor searched for bullet holes,
The landlord sat and laughed,
And of the remnant of the wine,
A good long drink he quaffed;
And then the bottles up he held,
Before the trembling maid,
And calmly said; *"It is not blood,*
You need not be afraid,

"And as my negligence has brought.
This trouble to your heart,

*If you'll be mine, my pretty girl,
With you I'll never part.*

The preacher then and there was called,
To tie the nuptial knot,
And when they drank a social glass,
He hitched them on the spot.

Why don't the maidens of our land,
Their white hands oft entwine,
And pray that they may soon be shot,
By some such lucky wine?

THE SPARROW.

DEAR little bird from o'er the sea,
Old Country people cherish thee.
The English hamlet's mould'ring thatch,
Where thy vast flocks, do yearly hatch,
Thy well-known chirp brings back again
To many wandering Englishmen.

All hail! to Workman who first thought,
To have thee to this country brought,
May Dr. Workman yet long live,
That he to us such gifts may give,
The linnet, thrush, and soaring lark,
And nightingale to cheer the dark.

Like other birds, from shore to shore,
May thou this continent explore,
Till not a nook, or shady tree,
But shall become a home for thee.
As insectivorous thou art,
Wisely and well, now play thy part;
Destroy all insects without fear,
For British law protects thee here.

ACROSTIC.

*(Presented with an Album to the Teacher of School Section. No 6,
in the Township of Peel, Co. Wellington, Ont.)*

JUST let us show to you to-day
Our gratitude in this kind way,
However small the gift may be,
None dearer can we give too thee.

Many a scholar's face may here
Remind you of the parting tear,
Or may perhaps, recall to mind,
Bewitching smiles, and thoughts most kind.
Indeed we hope that neither time,
Nor winter's frost, nor southern clime.
Shall e'er efface the tenderness ;
Our little gifts would dare express,
Nor e'er forget the hands you squeeze,
E'en as we cluster round your knees.
So shall our faces from this book,
Quietly on thy dear face look.

FEAR NOT.

Luke xii. 32.

FEAR not, the Lord of glory cries,
When waves of trouble roll ;
At once relinquish all your sighs,
For I can save your soul.

What though your earthly foes oft tread
Your neck beneath their heel ;
Since I have bruised the Serpent's head,
And now your sorrows feel !

There's not a pang that rends your breast,
Which rent not mine before,
I died, to give the troubled rest
And life for evermore.

Fear not then, though the waves roll high,
And o'er you sometimes sweep,
For I, your gracious Lord, am nigh,
Your precious soul to keep.

I'll hold you on my bleeding arm,
Close to my gushing side ;
While there, no foes can ever harm
The saints for whom I died.

TO NAOMI MARA.

GOOD-BY, Naomi dear, good-by !
Like dew, may blessings from on high
Invigorate your heart and brain,
Until, once more, we meet again.

When I a parent's love can show,
"By shaving off my chin," you know,
Or rather, as yourself should say,
"Leave on the chin, cut beard away."

I got the barber shave my chin,
To let the rays of light come in ;
And yet my mustache would oppose
Those rays which play around my nose,

Lest they should brown the only place
Which you could kiss, on all my face.
So now you see, my dearest child,
I shaved, to please your notions wild.

THE CANESTOGA RIVER.

LONG ere Columbus reached this land,
Thy banks sustained a happy band;
The Indians roamed along this stream,
And in their wigwams slept, to dream
Of pleasant hunting-grounds, and game,
Whose real worth they could not name.

Through the wild woods thy waters flowed,
Far from the palefaced man's abode;
The howling wolf, and nimble deer,
Frequented thee, through all the year;
Nor did the flash, or sound of gun
E'er cause those woodland creatures run.

And then the gruff, old grizzly bear,
When Spring appeared, forsook his lair,
And ran to thee to cool his tongue;
When from his eyes his sleep he wrung;
For howling winds and winter snows,
Do ne'er disturb a bear's repose.

Long as thy waters frozen kept,
He ne'er awoke, but soundly slept;
Nor would he dare protrude his head,
Till Canestoga's waters said
That Spring, with all her warmth was here,
His sleepy head, once more to cheer.

Thy waters then ran deep and cold,
Beneath those trees so grand and old,
Oh! how the pretty speckled trout
Would swim and dash, and splash about,
In thy pure water's gentle flow,
When we were boys, some years ago!

Thirty long years, from Time have fled,
Since first with eager hand and head,
Upon thy shady banks we stood,
And filled our pails with very good
Speckled trout. What am I about,
Superbly extra, speckled trout !

The white man, with his shining axe,
Has followed up the Indian's tracks,
And in his restless, onward march,
Although all nature's tongue might parch,
Would cut the trees from off thy banks,
Despite the Indian's frowns, or thanks !

Oh ! ruthless, devastating man,
Hast thou not known, since Time began,
That this primeval, glorious shade,
For its protection God had made ;
That no bleak winds, nor burning sun,
Should cause its waters cease to run.

But now the waters in its bed,
Fully attest that it is dead.
Alas ! dear river, I deplore
The thought, that on thy banks no more
Shall the fierce bear, or timid deer
Be found, the hunter's heart to cheer.

In the account given by me (as a representative of the press), of
the complimentary Dinner, Address and Purse, given to Mr. Jamieson
at that time, I find the following :—

No sparkling brandy, wine, or rum,
Had dared into our presence come,
And yet, the night we did prolong,
By brilliant speeches and by song.

TO LIEUTENANT WM. JAMIESON.

On the eve of his departure for Scotland.

HOME, home, to roam o'er Scotland's hills,
To hear the babbling of her rills,
To pluck her never-dying heath,
And to inhale her genial breath,

To paddle down her Clyde, by night,
Or view her Grampians in daylight,
To see that land, for which 'tis said,
A Burns sang, and a Wallace bled.

Oh! would that we, like thee, once more,
Could reach her craggy, much-loved shore;
But exiles here, we must remain,
Although it fills our hearts with pain.

But, when you have your journey done,
And calmy view the setting sun;
Then bring to mind, 'midst tears, or smiles,
The Moorefield bard, and lone exiles
Whose hearts are forced to heave a sigh,
While now they hear thee say—"Good-by!"

Whene'er you see the railway cars,
Or sit and view the twinkling stars,
Whene'er Old Scotland's wild winds blow,
And heap around thy door the snow;
Then think we'd like a line from thee,
Across the deep dark rolling sea.

December 15th, 1876.

ERIN.

I FAIN would add a note of praise,
In honor of that land,
Whose sons have set the world ablaze,
From mountain down to strand.

But how can I add one note more
To those already sung
By poets, who have, o'er and o'er,
Inspired its lyric tongue.

Dear Erin's bogs, and mountain glens,
Its rivers, and its bays,
Its beautiful and sparkling lakes,
And towers of ancient days.

Magillicuddy's cloud-capped peaks,
Which overlook Killarney,
The famous stone, which someone seeks
To touch him with the blarney.

The rural home, and mansion great,
The young and loving swain,
The beaming of the morning sun,
The dewdrop, and the rain.

The master of the parish school,
The priest, and parson too,
Have had their share of poet's praise,
A lavish share 'tis true.

Yet Erin's son's have not been praised
For half that they have done,
For half the noble victories,
Which they have often won !

In science and in literature,
In oratory, pure !
Whoe'er surpassed O'Connell, sirs,
A Goldsmith, or a Moore ?

McMahon ! yes, his very name,
The Frenchman's blood elates ;
And Grant, that fearless Dublin boy,
Gets homage from the States.

Lord Dufferin, in Canada,
Has taught the dullest soul
That Irishmen, with fluent tongues,
The people can control.

And Egypt's wars have lately shown,
A Woolesley, brave and true,
Who proved to Arabi's vile hosts,
What Erin's sons can do.

Then, onward let thy great sons move,
Let freedom be their cry ;
For Britain's glory let them live,
And for it let them die.

THE WINDOWMAN.

*(A simple invention, for holding the sash of a window, either up,
or down.)*

THE windowman deserves a rhyme,
And words of praise from time to time ;
For though he neither eats nor sleeps,
The strictest watch he always keeps.

When ploughman, and coachman, and all
Hang their garments up in the hall,

And weariedly jumps into bed,
To rest both their muscles and head,

The windowman, brave little man !
Does then the wily burglars scan ;
The window-sash he will hold down,
No matter how they work or frown.

While footmen livery must wear,
And often snarl at how they fare
All ostentation, this man spurns,
And from his labor never turns.

When summer's sun's bright, burning rays,
Cause servants lag, on sultry days ;
The windows, up all day he holds,
And neither eats, nor fights, nor scolds,

Some time before my revered Father's death I presented him with
a New Testament having print very large. On its fly-sheet I in-
scribed the following :

DEAR Father, read this larger print,
And if its lines you see ;
Whene'er you kneel to humbly pray,
Oh ! then, remember me.

And if you leave us here behind
And pass to yonder shore,
To see the Saviour and to greet
Those loved ones gone before.

Thy children then will read these lines,
And love the Saviour too,
That we may meet with those we love
And be for aye with you.

Your fond son,

Glen-Allen, October, 1869.

WILLIAM.

DEATH.

"DEATH" is a word all mankind fear,
It fills with pain the timid ear;
Deep in our frame it sets its fangs,
And fills the heart with rending pangs.

As lightnings flash from pole to pole,
It sends a thrill right through the soul;
And like the swiftly passing clouds,
It brings to view our dreaded shrouds.

Such solemn words we all respect,
Yet e'en *these words* we soon neglect,
But death, itself, is ne'er forgot
Either by sage or Hottentot.

When strangers breathe their last short breath,
And pass the lonely vale of Death,
We may forget when months or years,
Have passed away like by-gone fears.

But when our own dear friends have died,
Though years, through Time's resistless tide,
Are swept away through boundless space,
Yet tears bedew our woful face.

How blessed is the cheering thought,
That death is with some blessings fraught,
'Tis Heaven's door to any man
Who fully knows salvation's plan,—

Who knows that his possessions lie
Above the star-bespangled sky,
Where moth and rust cannot destroy
That wealth that ne'er has known alloy.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FAR beyond the rolling ocean
Lies a dear secluded spot,
Which now fills me with emotion,
While most others are forgot.

Not for the green, pleasant playground
Where I gaily often played,
Nor the fields where with my greyhound
I, for days, so oft have strayed.

Nor the spot on which the dwelling
Of my childhood proudly stands,
Is my troubled heart now swelling,
Far away in distant lands.

But, for that lonely, dreary place,
Where the grass untrodden lies,
Do I now bedew my face
And make fountains of my eyes.

DEAR FATHER'S GRAVE.

If I outlive the winter's snow,
I'll plant a tree, that it may grow ;
So that I may, some future day,
Beneath its boughs, devoutly pray.

I'll plant a shrub, that it may spread,
And coax the birds, close to his head,
That they may sing, in happy lays,
And cheer this grave in future days.

Some flowers, too, I'll place above
The dust that I so dearly love,
That they may grow, and sweetly smell,
And of my father's virtues tell.

And while for him I'll always weep,
I'll carve these words in letters deep,
*Tread softly when this spot you near,
For Father Moore is sleeping here.*

His ransomed soul is where, just now,
With golden wings and jewelled brow,
It walks the streets of Heaven's home,
Where angel bands forever roam.

There stands dear mother, clad in white ;
She hails him now with pure delight ;
He turns to meet her, and they meet,
And sit, once more, at Jesu's feet.

But while she sits and smiles with joy,
She asks about each girl and boy ;
And now while father sits and sings,
She hides her face beneath her wings ;
And heavily she breathes and sighs,
And softly wipes her downcast eyes.
For sad, sad news she got from earth,
Of those to whom she'd given birth.

Our Willie Wallie dressed in white,
And shining like a star of light,
Now swoops around and loudly sings,
As on he moves on seraph wings.

And as he rests among the flowers,
Which gild the walks of Eden's bowers,
He plucks their petals—flies away,
And hands his grandpa a bouquet.

And Margaret's Willie now comes up,
And in his hand a golden cup ;
I hear him laugh ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
And then he says : *Dear grandpapa,*
Please drink this nectar which the king
Has sent you from yon crystal spring.

And many others, old and young,
With wings outspread, and arms outflung,
Come skipping o'er the Heavenly plains,
To tell him that no further pains,
Nor racking aches, nor scornful jeers,
Should e'er disturb his future years.

And then they fold their glistening wings,
And loudly praise the King of Kings,
Since thus a warrior of eighty-four
Had fought life's seas and reached the shore.

DIED AT GLEN-ALLAN, SEPT. 1st. A. D. 1869,
WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE, JR.

WILLIE, dear Willie, while in midst of thy pain,
How oft have we prayed that thou mightest remain,
But since thou hast gone we dare not repine,
Or wish thee return, on our arms to recline.

Since of thee, dear Willie, we have been bereft,
We prize all the more thy dear likeness that's left.
The bright lock of hair that we cut from thy brow ;
Willie, dear Willie, how we weep o'er it now.

Some say it is good that thou hast breathed thy last,
While they think of thy moans throughout the year past ;
But, oh ! sweetest Willie, how little they know,
How salt are our tears, and how deep is our woe !

Willie, thy body is now taking its rest ;
 Thy spirit has flown to the land of the blest ;
 While we feel our own woe, and think of thy pain.
 We rejoice that through Christ we'll meet thee again,

A CHAT WITH DEAR LITTLE JENNIE.

Who died August 13th, 1873. Aged 2 mos. 23 dys.

LITTLE Jennie, pretty dove !
 Shining dewdrop from above,
 Budding flower, Oh ! how fair !
 And how wonderfully rare.

Ah ! dear Jennie ;
 Do you and Willie take a peep
 At ma and me, when we're asleep ?
 Do you, and he, not link and walk,
 And with the older angels talk ?
 Have ye not harps, and crowns of gold,
 As well as they, though not so old ?
 In Heaven, no sun shall ever shine
 To brown a cheek as white as thine,
 Nor chilling winds shall ever blow
 To close your eyes, through drifting snow.
 Whoever sinned, ye need not fear,
 Since now you've reached that heavenly sphere.

But, Jennie dear,
 Would Willie weep amongst the blest,
 If we disturb his earthly rest ;
 So when your graves are opened wide,
 You may, with him, stand side by side ;
 For you and Willie would be brave,
 If ye arose near grandpa's grave,
 When lightnings flash, and thunders roar,

And angels shout, that "time's no more."
I ask that you should not be slow
In gliding down to let us know ;
But come at darkest hour of night,
When moon, and stars are out of sight,
So that thy voice, like sunny beams,
May reach our hearts through solemn dreams.

Moorefield, Nov. 1st. 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines affectionately addressed to Mr. and Mrs. George Noble, of Elora, on the death of their little boy, Charles R., who died on the 27th day of June, 1870.

EXCUSE the liberty I take,
In speaking of your boy ;
I know his name now thrills your hearts,
And mars your sweetest joy.

But bear with me, while I instil
Into your minds, the thought,
That when the Saviour was on earth,
He said, "Forbid them not."*

When Jesus took your Charles R.
To meet those gone before,
He only set another light
On yonder distant shore.

And says more plainly by this act
Than words could e'er portray,
The shepherd takes the lamb this time
He'll call another day.

* Mark x. 14.

DIED,

On the 28th day of June, A.D. 1870, at Loveland House, near
Jerseyville, Township of Ancaster, Ontario,

HENRY SHAVER, ESQUIRE,

Aged 70 years and 28 days.

"Mr. Shaver was born on the 1st day of June, in the year A.D. 1800, at the old homestead, near Ancaster Village. His father, who was a staunch Methodist, endeavoured to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and verily the old gentleman's labours were not in vain. The honest principles, which were thus early inculcated, marked his career through his whole life. He was rigidly moral. When money was worth ten or twelve per cent. per annum, and many were glad to get it, even at the enormous rates of thirty or forty per cent. per month, he was so conscientious that he never took more than six. He never joined any church, though he regularly attended the Ancaster Regular Baptist Church, of which his late wife and most of his family were members. Had his wife and family joined the Methodists, he, no doubt, would have done so too, but, in the opinion of the writer, who has a good right to know, he sacrificed his own feelings in this matter, knowing that *neither circumcision nor uncircumcision avail-eth anything, but a new creature in Christ Jesus*. His word was like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unchangeable. Both in his family and out of it, all fully knew that when he said either Yes or No, he meant it. He was a good neighbour, and an attached friend. If Mr. Shaver was a member of any church his name would now be heralded as a paragon to the flock. If every tree is known by its fruit—if every man shall be rewarded according to his works—if the life is an index to the heart, then, certainly, is Father Shaver gone to reap a rich reward. He bore his long affliction with the calmness of a philosopher, and the resignation of an unwavering Christian. After hearing a sermon by the Rev. W. H. Cameron, at the Baptist Chapel, a long and mournful procession followed the hearse which bore his remains to the Shaver Family Burying-ground."—*Extracted from the Toronto Christian Guardian.*

THE LATE HENRY SHAVER, ESQ.

TREAD not the sod which o'er his breast,
On that bright eve we laid;
Nor lightly speak when near that place,
Where then we wept and prayed.

But weep whene'er you think of him,
Whose word was always kind,
Whose hand and purse were always free
The broken heart to bind.

Go, rear a pillar at his head,
That future years may know,
That yet, the streams of gratitude,
In children's hearts do flow.

Engrave on it, in letters deep,
The hope of him who died ;
That all who read may flee to Christ
To have their wants supplied.

Yea! though we weep, we weep in hope
Of meeting him once more,
When o'er life's ocean we have passed,
And reached the distant shore.

TO MRS. GEORGE F. HOWELL,

OF JERSEYVILLE.

My dear Cousin Howell permit me to speak
A word to comfort your heart ;
As the soul-easing tear still rolls down your cheek,
I feel how lonely thou art.

Your husband, like others, has gone to the tomb,
There for a short time to sleep ;
You should not remember its darkness and gloom,
For Christ his body will keep.

You must think of that faith that inspired his breast,
And think of his strong hope too,
And know he has gone to enjoy the *saints' rest*,
While us he has bidden adieu.

Though the widow and orphans oft heave a sigh,
For him whom they dearly love ;
That Father and Husband who never can die,
Reigns here as well as above !

Dry up your sad tears and your deep sighs suppress,
Since God doeth all things right ;
And for sorrow, that joy which tongue can't express,
You'll enjoy in Heaven's own light.

Jerseyville, Sept. 20th, 1863.

MISS MARY CAMERON,

DAUGHTER OF DOCTOR CAMERON.

*Lines addressed to Mrs. Benjamin Smith, of Jerseyville,
April 23rd, 1860.*

AN ACROSTIC.

SAY, can I not, with feelings kind,
Instil into your troubled mind
Some balmy thoughts to cheer your heart,
Though you with Mary had to part.
Exultantly her voice now rings,
Refulgent with eternal things,

Making the hosts of Heaven sing,
Anthems to Christ, her God and King.
Righteous and loving child of God,
You know she was, through Jesu's blood.

Can you not, then, becalm your mind,
And sigh no more though left behind ;
May you not too, soon as you die,
Expect to meet her in the sky,
Rejoice with her with sainted tears,
Or laugh to scorn your doubts and fears,
No more to part through endless years.

AN AFFLICTED MINISTER'S PRAYER.

(REV. W. H. CAMERON).

His last words to me were, "Brother Moore, we shall meet again."

"MY gracious Master, wilt thou save
My body from the yawning grave,
Though now its jaws are open wide,
A refuge still thou canst provide.

"I, therefore, look to thee, O Lord,
None else can any aid afford.
The grave is dark, the dismal tomb
Is filled with death's most lonely gloom.

"Just now, the grasp of chilling death
Seems to retard my shortened breath;
But still I sigh that I may move
In health, once more, 'midst those I love.

"I only ask that I may live,
That I, my future life may give
To him who gave his life for me,
When crucified on Calvary."

No wonder that this patient saint
Was forced to utter this complaint,
No wonder that he cherished life,
Because of his fair charming wife.

With such a wife, who would not stay,
Instead of mould'ring in the clay?
And from such children, who could part,
But with a sad and broken heart.

How hard to part from those we love,
Though called to dwell with saints above!
He said to me,—“*We part, but sure
We'll meet again, dear brother Moore.*”

CASSIE CLARKE.

Daughter of Rev. Elijah Clarke.

HER MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"NELLY GRAY." By request.

OH! I'm often sadly thinking of my darling little pet,
Who has gone to that happy land above;
Though my friends are often saying, that for her I should
not fret,

Yet, my sad tears cannot express my love:

Oh! no indeed, ah! no!

Oh! no indeed, ah! no!

All my sad tears cannot express my love;

Oh! that a mother's tears,

When they oft and quickly flow,

Could resuscitate my bright, darling dove!

Oh! I loved to talk with Cassie, and she loved to talk
with me,

When the flowers clustered closely round the door;

When the pretty wild canaries often charmed that willow
tree

Which to me has lost its charms, evermore.

Oh! yes, for evermore,

Oh! yes, for evermore,

Its charms are lost to me for evermore;

Though on it the birds are singing,

As they did in days of yore,

Its charms are lost to me for evermore!

Yes, I listen to the voices, which commingle on the street,
 When from school other children scamper home,
 And I wait, and often listen for the patter of her feet,
 But in vain, for she ne'er again shall come.

She ne'er again shall come,
 Oh! she never will come!
 I listen, yet I listen but in vain;
 Oh! I wait, and calmly listen
 For the patter of her feet
 But in vain, for she ne'er again shall come.

Now I ask my blessed Saviour to bind up my bleeding heart
 With the thought that from sorrow now she's free,
 And that soon we all shall meet her, where we ne'er again
 shall part,

But she'll walk the bright, golden streets with me;
 Oh! she'll walk there with me
 Through all eternity;
 Oh! she'll walk the bright golden streets with me;
 And that soon we all shall meet her,
 Where we ne'er again shall part,
 For she'll dwell with her Saviour, and with me.

REV. EZRA ADAMS.

AN ACROSTIC.

REMOVED from earth and all its care,
 Eternal joys thou dost now share,
 Victorious o'er the dismal grave,

E'en through the Lamb, who died to save.
 Zealous thou wert while here below,
 Reminding us that Hell's dark woe,
 And Heaven's glory lay before,

And death was but a hidden door,
Down which we slipped, to feel and tell,
All joys of Heaven, or woes of Hell.
May we, when we this life resign,
See that our death be calm as thine.

December 8th, 1871.

TO MRS. JAMES HUGHES,

OF GILFORD.

THOUGH your heart is sad
For your lovely lad,
Who sleeps in his lonely grave,
I would dare to speak
Of his rosy cheek,
And his actions bright, and brave.

He was young in years,
But he knew no fears,
When the horse's reins he caught ;
And away he flew
With his pa, and you,
As quick as the quickest thought.

Though the rumbling wheels,
At the horse's heels,
Ran like lightning round and round ;
Yet he coolly sat
'Neath his dandy hat,
And held with a grace profound.

And his teacher said,
When he saw him dead,
And fondled his locks of hair :
*Though to my schoolroom,
Dear Jemmie can't come,
Not another like him there.*

And his grandpapa,
And his grandmamma,
And his neighbors, near and far,
Often sit and sigh,
And with tearful eye
Speak of your bright little star.

Though that star has set,
Oh! it twinkles yet
Far beyond the lofty skies,
Where no foes nor fears,
Through the endless years
Shall his peaceful rest surprise.

Where no aching pain
Shall disturb his brain,
As it did, while dying, here ;
But eternal joy
Shall there soothe your boy
In that bright and heavenly sphere.

Can't you hear him say
Unto you, to-day,
To his pa, his friends and me :
*When your life is spent,
And the veil is rent,
You'll share this glory with me.*

TO MRS. CAPT. JOHN BOOTH,

OF MOOREFIELD.

THE time will come when we shall reign,
Beyond the starry sky,
With him who died, yet ever lives,
To wipe the tearful eye.

Ah! think of this when'er you weep
For thy dear little one:
God had a right to take your child,
Just when her work was done.

Though you may think the cold, cold hand
Might yet a while be stayed,
Since for her life you longed so much,
You sighed, and wept, and prayed.

Let not a murmur from your lips,
Disturb the evening air;
*There is a Heaven, and your pet,
Dear Lucy, now is there.*

THE GRAVES OF MESSRS. JAMES AND JOHN
GRAY.

AT ST. JOHN'S, MOOREFIELD BURYING-GROUND.

Who lies alone, and sadly here,
Beneath this oval sod?
Ah! yes, I see 'tis Jemmie dear,
Whose soul is now with God.

No more his hand will succour those
Who oft come here to shed
A tragic tear, and pluck a rose
From off his dreary bed.

Sweet as the rose, his mem'ry still
Floats on the homestead air,
The widow's heart, with joy to fill,
And mollify her care.

The orphans too, whom he has left,
Do reverence this spot;

For though of him they are bereft,
By them he's not forgot.

This monument, which they supplied,
Revivifies his fame,
Tells us where born, and when he died,
And keeps alive his name.

And here his neighbors often stand,
And heave a heartfelt sigh ;
While with sad mien, and raised right hand,
They turn their thoughts on high.

And while they stand in this dark mood,
Oft audibly they say :
" *We'll love our friends, and do them good,
Like noble Jemmie Gray.*

A second grave, inclosed lies here,
With palings neat and white,
And weeping willows shed a tear,
At morning, noon and night.

Though eighteen years have passed away
Since first this grave was made ;
Still, ev'ry year, Aunt Sally Gray
Came here, and wept and prayed.

And yet she comes as though she came
To meet a living friend,
On whose right arm, and loving name
Alone, she could depend.

And fondest children, week by week,
As Sabbaths roll around,
With solemn tread and moistened cheek,
Frequent this sacred ground.

MISS MAUDSLEY'S TOMB.

Rev. Mr. Maudsley said to me to-day while we stood at his sister's grave in St. John's Cemetery, Moorefield : *Those who are dead are ours still. They are only gone into another room.*

DEAR, sleeping friends ! *They are ours still,
Gone to another room,
Awaiting God's behests to fill,
But fill our hearts with gloom.*

This man of God is not ashamed
To care Miss Maudsley's tomb ;
He can bear to be chafed and blamed,
For 'tis *her waiting-room.*

Vain counterpart of that above,
Which she long since has shared,
That home, which Christ's immortal love,
Has for us all prepared.

August, 10th, 1881.

"THE WEE BABY."

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. George Rolls, of Moorefield.

'Twas only a baby, they said,
'Twas only a baby was dead,
A tiny wee baby,
Not a tear e'er dropped from their eyes,
Till they heard its mother's sad cries,
Some, not e'en then, maybe ;

But others, whose hearts had been touched,
That tiny wee baby soon clutched,
And kissed it with rapture !

They thought 'midst their tear-blinded eyes,
Of their own *wee baby's last sighs*,
Last struggle and capture !

Aye ! only a babe, indeed !
'Tis not a mere baby that's freed
From earth's care and trouble ;
But an angel sent from above,
To transfer its dear parents' love—
'Tis no earthly bubble !

As the needle points to the poles,
So your babe, my dear Mrs. Rolls,
Directs us to Heaven ;
Sweet innocent lamb of the fold,
More precious than silver and gold,
For this cause 'twas given.

Weep not for the dear one that's dead,
Nor think of the cold, lonely bed,
Where lately you laid it,
The Saviour has plucked your nice flower,
And in glory, beauty and power,
Has gaily arrayed it.

LINES ON THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF WILLIAM
FINDLAY.

Addressed to his mother, Mrs. Matthew Burns, of Palmerston.

AH ! come dear friend and place your hand
On this sad heart of mine ;
And then you'll feel its every throb
In unison with thine.

And then behold the bitter tears,
Which trickle down my cheek,
While calmly up to Heaven I look,
Though not a word I speak.

And now, dear friend, accept the sighs
My heaving bosom bears ;
No other balm have I to soothe,
Your sorrows and your cares.

Your son lies cold in death to-day !
Life's but a brittle thread,—
This morning in the bloom of life !
This evening with the dead !

When to the *raising* of that mill,
To Cowanston he went,
'Twas with a manly, noble frame,
And heart of great content.

But oh ! how little did he think
The fatal hour had come,
When falling beams would hurry him
To his eternal home.

Now, loving friend, though all your kin
May shed affection's tears,
They never can obliterate
Your thoughts, through future years.

For through those years you'll often think
If Willie only lay
Upon a downy bed of death,
For one short week or day,

Till I could cool his aching brow,
And cheer his troubled heart,
Ah ! then, just then, a mother's love,
Could let him hence depart.

You're not alone in sorrow now,
His wife must share your grief:
Oh! may the Saviour's changeless love,
To her bring some relief,

And bind the wounds her widowed heart
Through this sad shock has borne,
Since Willie from her loving arms
So quickly has been torn.

With you and her and all your friends,
I feelingly condole;
But as the ways of God are such
That them we can't control.

We must turn in meekness bow,
And through his Son prepare,
A deathless life in Heaven above,
Eternally to share

LINES

*On the death of Mrs. Henry Blackwell of Lemars, Iowa, U. S.,
late of the Township of Maryborough, Ontario.*

AWAY near Lemars, in the far distant west,
Our dear friend has gone to her bright, blissful rest;
Far, far from her home, and her friends in the east,
Her joys and her sorrows in this life have ceased.

With none to caress her, and no friend to mourn,
Except her three children, who now feel forlorn,
And him who walked with her the journey of life,
To cherish her children, and cheer his dear wife,
Alone, amongst strangers, 'midst sobbings and sighs,
This kindest of mothers has flown to the skies.

How hope's aspirations, inflated with joy,
Inspired her daughters and enchanted her boy,
While over the prairies, they wandered for hours
On carpets of nature besprinkled with flowers,
Presuming their mother would yet live to see
Her grandchildren perch'd on their dear father's knee.

But alas! for the hopes we all lean upon,
They burst like a bubble! like dew they are gone.
And dear Mr. Blackwell, I'm sure, little thought,
When the homestead he sold, and wild prairie bought,
That so soon his dear wife would bid them good-by,
And fly to her home, far beyond the blue sky.

May Canada's sun, in his course to the west,
Iowa's sweet flowers still rear o'er her breast,
That odors which flow from their sweet-smelling leaf,
May soothe those dear hearts now smitten with grief.

Feb. 17, 1882.

LINES

*On the death of Annie Maria Maddigan, who died at Rothsay,
April 4th, 1882.*

THE longest life we live on earth
Is like the early dew,
Or like the flitting morning cloud,
Which soon escapes our view.

How infinitely shorter still,
Was Annie's hurried stay!
She came, our hearts with joy to fill,
Then quickly passed away.

Just as the little humming bird,
Darts from an empty flower,

So pretty Annie Maddigan
Flit to her Heavenly bower.

Her dark brown eyes and curly hair
Will cheer the angel throng,
Who sing the Saviour's matchless love,
While ages glide along.

And when her parents and her friends
Have ceased their earthly care,
She'll welcome them to Heaven's home,
Her happiness to share.

LINES

Written at the tomb of Miss Jack, who died April 25th, 1865.

How beautiful this resting place !
How exquisitely still !
Although it lies along the street
On Drayton's lovely hill,
Which slopes so as to catch the rays
Of morning's early sun,
And still retain his genial smile,
Until his course is run.

Oh! if those dear ones sleeping here,
Could only stand and look
Upon that busy town below,
Its nice, meand'ring brook,
Its lively stores—its trembling wires,
Which bring us news from far;
Or feel the quaking of the earth
Beneath our railway car,

How joyfully their laughs would ring,
As oft they rang before ;
But, oh! alas, as they are dead,
Such things they'll see no more.

One lovely creature slumbers here,
Who can't to us come back ;
Her name engraved upon this slab,
Is Catherine Preston Jack.
Though sixteen years have passed away,
Since last we saw her face,
We fain would clutch our pen to-day
Her virtues to retrace.

In school her frown was never seen,
Nor was her voice e'er heard
When other children dared to scowl,
And have their anger stirred.

At home, the children loved her so
That round her they would cling
Till she would tell them Bible tales,
Or new hymns for them sing.

Oh! ne'er that voice can I forget,
Though silent she lies here ;
The mem'ry of its silv'ry tones,
Comes now, my heart to cheer.

No wonder that her parents come
To cultivate the rose
That buds above her resting place,
And chides her long repose :
But budding roses ne'er should chide
The pretty flower that lies
Within this solemn sepulchre
Yet blooms beyond the skies.

Good-by lone tomb, it does us good
To stand by thee and sigh,
And feel that faith in Christ alone,
The falling tear can dry.

Farewell, dear Catherine Preston Jack,
Farewell, till that great day
When Christ shall come to burst these tombs,
And take his own away.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Robert King died at Moorefield, on Oct. 20th, A.D. 1878.

"She is not dead but sleepeth."

ANOTHER saint has gone to rest,
To earth she bade farewell,
And what she now enjoys in Heaven
No human tongue can tell.

While here she lived a life of love,
A life of love and joy,
Which all the cares of this vain world
Could mar, but not destroy.

Her heart was fixed on things above
From childhood's early dawn ;
And all the solace of her life
From this grand source was drawn.

Although the smiles of earthly friends
Had often cheered her way,
While worried by the cares and toils
Of ev'ry cloudy day.

While raising up to manhood's prime
Those sons she loved so dear,

The kindly words her husband spoke
Oft checked the rising tear.

And if their youthful wayward feet
In doubtful paths e'er trod ;
Her husband then would soothe her fears,
And tell her trust in God.

The void that in his heart is made
No earthly friends can fill,
But when the Saviour once comes in,
He'll find *his presence will*.

Then, to that Saviour let us cling,
With firm, tenacious hold,
And He, with her, will shortly bring
Us all into his fold.

Though we may sometimes fear and doubt
The purposes of God ;
'Tis for our good that he e'er lays
On us His chastening rod.

Then bow in meekness and prepare
To meet her on that shore,
Where neither death nor worldly care
Shall e'er disturb us more.

ROBERT KING, Esq.

*Died at Moorefield, August 11th, 1879. Age 74 years 4 months.
Very kindly dedicated to his sons, Messrs. ANDREW
and ROBERT KING.*

At Hollin now, by mother's grave,
Another mound, like wave by wave,
Points out the spot where father lies,
Now severed from all earthly ties.

Come Robert, come and let us see
If we can count how often he
With voice mellifluous and calm,
Requested us to sing a psalm,
And then oft added with a smile—
“In the old Covenanter’s style.”

And let the lessons which he taught,
Back to our hearts, with power be brought,
That that great Saviour who, with power
Sustained him in his dying hour,
May be our Saviour and our friend,
When on this earth our course shall end.

Methinks I hear his voice now say
*Hark ! my dear sons, come up this way,
Come nearer to our lowly graves,
For this your mother’s spirit craves,
And place your hands in one another’s,
Our only sons—two only brothers—
And vow you’ll live in peace and love,
Till us you meet in Heaven above.*

I vow it, Robert ! I’ll obey
That voice which from the realms of day
Has taught us that, while here we live,
We’re bound to love, and to forgive.

Do I not also hear you say,
“Yes,” dear Andrew, I will obey ;
For I now feel, since father’s gone,
That I’m an orphan left alone,
With none on earth but thee to cheer
My lonely pilgrimage while here.

Sons of our father, Robert King ;
His choicest psalms we’ll often sing ;
Our parent’s footsteps we will tread,

And try to honour them, though dead,
And as our parents lived and died,
And now in peace rest side by side,
So may we live, and from death rise,
When Jesus Christ shall burst the skies,
And with his holy angels come
To gather all his ransomed home.

WILLIAM RICHEY ESQ,

(Died at Moorefield, April 18th, 1878.)

THE balmy airs of Erin's shore
Shall light on thy dear face no more,
Nor shall Canadian frosts and snows
Again disturb thy long repose ;

For cold in death thou dost now sleep,
While John, and Liz', and Jennie weep.
Sarcastic was thy fluent tongue
When from thee latent wit was wrung.

But gentle as a lamb to those
Who dared not touch thy tongue's repose.
A gentleman thou wast, indeed,
By education and by breed.

Old Ballina, thy native town,
Enjoyed thy smile and feared thy frown;
For editors, both there and here,
Inspire the passions, *love and fear*.

Thy hand was always warm, and sure
To grasp a friend, and help the poor ;
No child who ever reached thy store,
But longed to enter it once more.

No customer didst thou e'er sue,
Though long to thee their bills were due.
When such men die, 'tis truly said :
They only sleep, they are not dead.

HENRY BUTTERWORTH,

SON OF DOCTOR BUTTERWORTH,

Was drowned at Hustonville Milldam, June 14th, 1877.

HIS MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I FEEL alone, alone to-day,
My heart is full of gloom ;
My husband's sailing far away,
And Harry's in the tomb.

Oh ! Harry dear, if I but now
Could animate thy frame,
If I could cause thee raise thy brow,
And answer to thy name !

Ten thousand worlds would seem as naught
To thy poor ma to-day,
If I could only buy thee back,
And have thee with me stay.

Oh ! Hustonville, thy wretched pond
Has snatched my boy from me ;
Thy waters roll shall thrill my soul
E'en to eternity.

Oh ! would the sun might dry them up,
Or earth might quench her thirst,
And drain the bottom of that pond
Which caused my heart to burst !

My aching heart, my bleeding heart!
Oh! Harry, if you died
Within your mother's loving arms,
Your father by my side,

I might imprint a farewell kiss
Upon thy gentle brow;
How can I now be reconciled,
Oh! how can I just now!

Thy look, poor Johnnie can't forget,
Thy last imploring look,
Which spoke more meaning than that voice
Which had this earth forsook.

That sad, sad look, for aid implored,
That look a warning gave;
It pointed *upward* to the sky,
And *downward* to the grave.

Ah! Johnnie dear, thou still art left,
I blame thee not at all;
For when thou couldst not render aid,
For aid thou didst then call.

So loudly didst thou call for help,
That earthly help it brought;
But oh! alas! too late it came,
Their labor was for naught.

The angel bands had just come down
To take dear Harry home
To where he walks the *Golden Streets*,
And whispers to us, *come*.

When father comes across the sea,
From England's stormy shore,
We'll tell him how his Harry looked
That look which did implore

That thou shouldst tell him look to Christ,
Who died upon the tree,
And shed his blood that we might live
To all eternity.

Oh ! blessed Saviour soothe our hearts,
Dispel all doubts and fears,
And grant that we may meet again
Beyond this vale of tears.

LINES

*On the death of Mrs. David Welch, of Moorefield, who died on the
25th day of June, 1878.*

How we miss thee, dearest mother,
At the morning's early dawn,
When we search the house all over,
And we find that thou art gone.

Yes, we miss thee in the morning,
When we're sitting at our meal,
For we see that one is missing,
And we cannot help but feel.

That, indeed, we are now orphans,
That our mother is no more ;
That we ne'er again shall meet her
Till our pilgrimage is o'er.

And dear father sits so pensive,
As we see his sad tears start,
That we feel for him most deeply,
For we know his broken heart.

Ah ! dear mother, how we miss thee
 When the day rolls round to noon ;
 And the horn is blown for dinner,
 And the *grace* seems said too soon,

For one vacant chair is standing
 In its old accustomed place,
 And on it we look, but vainly,
 To descry thy loving face.

And when evening shades around us
 Cast their loneliness and fears,
 Then we fancy, angel voices
 Speak to us of by-gone years.

And we hear the good advices
 Which a kindest mother gave
 Long, long years before we bore her
 To her narrow, lonely grave.

And these angels seem to whisper
 Words of comfort to our heart ;
 Ah ! they say, *You soon shall meet her*
Where again you ne'er shall part ;

Where the city's streets are golden,
Where there is no death or night,
Where no loving friends are parted,
And no tears e'er dim the sight.

Yes, dear mother, we do miss thee,
 Sadly do we miss thee here ;
 Home looks homeless now without thee,
 Earth, to us, seems dark and drear.

But we hope when life is ended,
 And we pass from earth away,
 We through Christ, shall surely meet thee
 In that land of endless day.

THE LATE MR. DAVID WELCH,

OF MOOREFIELD.

His Children's Reminiscences.

LEAF after leaf falls to the earth,
When winter is at hand,
As raindrops fall in summer time
To fructify the land.

And so our loved ones often fall,
Like ripened golden grain,
That they may cease their earthly toil,
And go with Christ to reign.

Though father now with mother rests
Beneath the churchyard clay,
His good example and advice
Have not thus passed away.

Nor would we, if we could, forget
His last kind words and smile,
Which warned us all so tenderly
To keep ourselves from guile—

To walk within the Christain road,
Lest we should e'er destroy
The happy thought that he would meet
Us all in Heaven with joy.

Dear father we will try to live
In such a way that we
May one day stroll o'er Heaven's plains
With mother dear and thee.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. NATHAN CASE, of Maryborough, who was Methodist class-leader in the year A.D. 1854, died at Hustonville, April 12th, 1879, at the advanced age of 92 years.

O'ER ninety years thy weary way
Was calmly trod, from day to day ;
But like the genial setting sun
Thy lengthened journey is now done ;
And from thine old accustomed place
We miss thee now, dear Father Case.

Thy plaintive voice we'll hear no more,
As oft we heard in fifty-four,
Its solemn tones in earnest prayer
Beseeching that the Lord might spare
The vilest sinners here below,
And grant his *Spirit's copious flow*,
So that our hearts might glow with love
Until we reached the *Home above*.

How doleful the last words he said
"*I'm tired now—put me to bed.*"
Tired of life, its doubts and fears,
Its turmoils, cares, and bitter tears ;
Tired receiving gifts from those
Whose filial hearts could never close
Against those wants which hoary age
Inscribes on life's most brilliant page.

Tired of waiting for that call
Which did thy spirit disinthral,
And grant thy soul's one great desire
By telling thee to *Go up higher*,
And sit with those around the throne,
Since now on earth thy work was done.
May all of us, when life is o'er,
Like thee, lie down to tire no more.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GRACE A. BETTENSON.

Who died September 17th, 1879. Age 1 year 5 months.

Of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Mark x. 14.

OUR darling, our lovely Grace A.,
We miss thee most sadly to-day.
No prattle of innocent childhood,
Like songbirds enchanting the wild wood ;
No footsteps, like zephyrs receding,
Come gently to heal our hearts' bleeding.

We think that we see thee just now
With a crown encircling thy brow,
And up to the throne thy way thou art winging,
While anthems of joy thou art lustily singing.
Ah ! Gracie, we know that such changes are glorious,
We'll meet thee again when we come off victorious,
But still we would rather our petitions were heard,
To have thy transition to glory deferred.

Thy likeness we gaze at and oftentimes kiss
The only thing like thee in a world like this,
Thy stockings and shoes, with thy cradle and dresses,
Thy innocent smiles, and thy loving caresses,
Thy longing last look, when thou wast bidding farewell
Fills our hearts with that sadness, no tongue can e'er tell.

Good-by, then, dear Gracie, good-by till that day
When we from this earth, like thyself, pass away,
But mark you, dear loved one, we ask that you come
To the gate of thy mansion to welcome us home.

N. LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS MORGAN.

Respectfully dedicated to his sorrowing Widow and Family.

IN the morning quite full of life,
Loving his dear children and wife,
But ere the sun's meridian glow
His eyes were closed to all below.

His horses young and nobly bred,
Both warmly stabled and well fed,
Refractr'y grow, and run away,
And terminate his earthly day.

How grateful we should be to know,
That his good works will surely go
To Heaven's throne, and there afford
A testimony to his Lord;

That while on earth the course he led
Proved that the hungry oft he fed;
The widows' sighs and orphans' tears
He hushed and dried through many years.

St. John's Church, Moorefield, weeps to-day,
Since thus their warden passed away.
The Father of the fatherless
Will certainly his children bless.

Oh! may He succour and still cheer
The stricken widow while she's here,
And when her race on earth is run,
May she then share in Christ's *Well done!*

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SERGEANT
MORGAN.

THE SERGEANT'S RETROSPECT.

My sun is sinking rapidly
Below the western sky ;
And well I know by my dim sight
That I must shortly die.

I, therefore, let my mind revert
To that bright, happy day,
When I, in Lower Canada,
First met dear Annie Gray.

And when I met this youthful lass,
Although not quite sixteen,
She was as grave as any saint,
And portly as a queen.

At seventeen I married her,
Twelve children then to me
She, in succession, quickly brought,
And placed them on my knee.

But as we journeyed to the west,
A pretty boy we lost,
Which we interred at Hamilton,
With sorrow and great cost.

For many years we laboured hard
In clearing up our farm ;
And little thought that death so soon
Would sound his dread alarm.

Before she closed her large, blue eyes,
She bade her babe good-by,
And then, her look commanded me
To meet her in the sky.

That babe and she now calmly sleep
Together in their grave,
And patiently I'm waiting now
For death's last chilling wave.

Then Tom, and George, and John and Frank,
And Kate and Henry too,
With Ann and Maggie and dear Jane,
I'll shortly bid adieu.

AN ELEGY.

On the death of Mr. George Graham, who died Sept. 26th, 1879.

DEAR George ! how little could we think
That one in rugged health,
Who had a competence and lived
In affluence and wealth

Would thus be taken from our midst,
While many with us here
Are full of sorrows, aches and pains,
And cares, from year to year.

An aged mother weeps for thee,
While sisters sob around,
And thy dear brothers sit and wail
With anguish most profound.

And neighbours, too, whom thou hast helped,
Whene'er they were in need,

Move pensively, and say that now
For thee, their sad hearts bleed.

Thou didst believe that Christ the Lord,
His precious blood has shed,
That those who put their trust in him
May live, though they are dead.

May this grand thought soothe ev'ry heart,
Which for thee now doth mourn,
Since thou hast gone to that lone land,
Whence none can e'er return.

ON THE DEATH OF MASTER RICHARD JONES,

Who died on the 9th day of November, A.D. 1881.

At Shipley now our dear young friend
In solemn slumber lies:
When next he wakes he'll see the Lord
Descending from the skies.

Just when that angel's trump shall blow,
Whose voice will pierce the sea,
And herald forth from shore to shore
That time no more shall be.

How calmly did dear Richard look,
As on death's couch he lay,
Dressed in his very best black suit,
As if his wedding day.

His eyes just closed, his lips apart,
As though he wished to speak:
But, ah! his tongue lay cold and still,
And deathly pale his cheek.

His mother's tears, his sisters' wails,
His brothers' fond caress
Could not awake him to behold
Their heartfelt, deep distress.

But ere he closed his eyes in death,
His earthly goods he willed
To those who were most dear to him,
And thus his trust fulfilled.

His mother, brothers, sisters—all
Were left an ample share ;
And then he calmly breathed his last
Midst sighs, and tears, and prayer.

LINES

*On the death of William Graham, Esq., one of the first settlers of
the township of Maryborough, who died on February 23rd, 1876.*

To his widow and children, with the deepest heartfelt sorrow of the author.

I THINK the least that I can do
Is now to write a line or two
To quell the widow's deep distress,
And thus my sorrow to express.

Permit me say to you to-day
That though your husband passed away,
He knew that when he went to sleep
The Saviour would his spirit keep.

And those dear ones he left behind
Inherited his genial mind,
So that their fullest love and care
Their dear, dear mother now will share.

And to his children I would say,
Until your very—*dying day*
Recount the kindness you received
From him, of whom you're now bereaved.

Think of his all-absorbing care,
A home for each one to prepare;
Nor e'er forget the kind reproof
Which you received while 'neath his roof;
Nor yet, the smile which lit his face
Whene'er you reached the homestead place.

A lonely tear was caused to flow
Because he did not see dear Joe:
He sighed to see that absent son,
Yet calmly said, *God's will be done.*

In Old St. John's he lies, at rest,
The sad winds moan above his breast,
And there his monument now shows
Where he enjoys his last repose.

MRS. WILLIAM LOUGHRAN TO HER LITTLE
ORPHAN GRANDAUGHTER, EFFIE
ALLANNA WALLS.

DEAR EFFIE, come to grandmama
And nestle on my knee;
And let me kiss your pretty cheeks,
And that will comfort me.

My cheerless heart has always ached
Since my dear Jennie died,
Although my home, with earthly goods,
Is always well supplied.

Her gentle smiles and pleasant eyes
In you, my dear, I see ;
And that's the reason Jennie's babe
Is now so dear to me.

Your Grandpa, too, and all your aunts
And uncles, Bob and Will.,
With broken hearts have cried your Ma,
And often cry her still.

But, Effie dear, whene'er I see
Your happy little face ;
Within my heart you help to fill
Your mother's vacant place.

LINES

*To commemorate the death of Mr. Thomas Alfred Scott, who died
at Palmerston, on the second day of Dec., 1882.*

OUR dear Thomas Alfred
With us would not stay ;
To British Columbia
He did hie away.

To dig in the mountains,
And search for that gold
Which stirs the ambition
Of both young and old.

He sought it and found it,
And then he retired ;
But cold he contracted,
He so much perspired.

His lungs were affected
Physicians declared ;
Then with them his bullion
He lavishly shared.

But British Columbia
Was too damp, they said,
Yet Canada's climate
Might lengthen life's thread.

So homeward he started
One fine summer's day ;
Most kindly escorted
By cousin James Gray.

His old home he entered
'Mongst friends good and true ;
And they and physicians
Did all they could do.

But poor Thomas Alfred
Just lingered a while
To receive from his friends
Their kind words and smile.

Then, from his cushioned chair,
He asked for his bed ;
Where he scarcely lay down
Until he was dead.

Thus dear Thomas Alfred
Has left the bright gold,
For which he so laboured
And caught such a cold.

And the Palmerston hearse
Took him to the tomb,
To share with his mother
Her dark waiting room.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

THOMAS T. DRIVER.

Calmly fell asleep in Jesus, on Saturday, the 9th day of April, A.D. 1881, at his own residence, on the sixth concession of the Township of Maryborough, in the County of Wellington, and Province of Ontario, Canada, Thomas Tuscan Driver, in the 74th year of his age.

THERE'S not a tree that grows on earth
But sends its branches forth
To bear its precious leaves and fruit,
From sunny south to north.

Old Canada you visited—
Best branch of England's tree,
But now the oak looks desolate
While we all mourn for thee.

One acorn more has fallen down,
To lodge amongst the leaves,
Yet such a thing in centuries
Great vict'ries oft achieves.

And so we now expect thy sons
Will always nobly tread
The loyal course which thou hast run,
Though numbered with the dead.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY ELLEN KIRKBY.

Who died at Moorefield, July 15th, A. D. 1881.

(PARODY.)

SHE has finished life's arduous journey,
Her long nights of sorrow are o'er;
She has now passer' away, and she'll never
Return to earth's scenes anymore.

Though for months she felt pensively dreary,
And suffered much pain ev'ry night;
Though her heart and her head were both weary,
Her face always shone like the light.

On our hearts her dear name is recorded,
And there it shall live evermore;
Her name sounds more sweetly than ever,
More sweetly than ever before.

Time can never, no never, efface it,
Though it wears a dolorous pall;
All the joys of this world can't erase it,
Her name is so dear to us all.

Mary Ellen, farewell! yet we linger
A moment, ere saying *good-by*,
For we love the lone—*house for all living*,*
As in it you calmly now lie.

We oft visit thy grave in the morning,
Ere the dew is sipped by the sun;
And like shadows of clouds in the evening,
Our thoughts to thee constantly run.

And when at the old homestead we gather,
Or mingle at church, or at prayer,
We oft think of your bright home in heaven,
And know that you'll meet us all there.

* Job xxx. 23.

"OUR OWN DEAR MARY."

Mrs. John Holt, died at Moorefield, May 20th, 1878.

These lines are respectfully presented to her sister, MRS. JAMES TERRIFF, with the compliments of the author.

THE flowers bloom as sweetly now
As e'er they bloomed before ;
And birds sing just as merrily
As in the days of yore.

But yet our lonely hearts ne'er feel
The joys which they inspire ;
Since *our dear Mary* left this world
To join the Heavenly choir.

Her hearty laugh rings in our ears,
We miss her friendly hand,
For she has passed the "Vale of tears"
And lives in "spirit land."

A hearty welcome to her home
To us she always gave ;
Ah ! well may we now shed a tear
Of love on her lone grave.

Her likeness now is all that's left
For which we seem to care,
Except we call more precious still
Her locks of jet black hair.

Her silks, and rings, and chains of gold,
As relics fade away,
Whene'er that likeness we behold
Which does herself portray.

That likeness which we got enlarged
So that we all might see
Her smiling face, as once it looked
In love on you and me.

Ah! Mary dear, we hope that we,
When earth's last ties are riven,
May see thy smiling face once more,
And love thee still in Heaven.

MR. JOSIAH ROSS,

*Son of James Ross, Esq., of Maryborough, was drowned in Boyne
River, in the Province of Manitoba.*

HIS FATHER'S LAMENT.

OUR firstborn is missing to-day, love,
Josiah is missing to-day,
The river's deep, treacherous waters
Have carried our loved one away.

In life we can never behold him,
He lies 'neath the turbulent stream;
Oh! would that our arms could unfold him,
As that would annul my sad dream.

You remember, I thought I was searching
For something more precious than gold,
By the banks of a deep, murky river,
And the day was both dreary and cold.

I sought till the darkness grew densely,
And the sun sank deep in the west;
I sought, but quite weary through searching,
I hopelessly sank down to rest.

That dream was a wise premonition
To help us to bear our deep woe ;
The Lord in his kindness thus told us
He shortly would take our dear Joe.

Oh ! our dear, first-born son Josiah,
Thy parents' poor hearts feel undone,
All others can never replace thee,
Josiah our dear, first-born son !

Ourselves are like boats on the river,
The River of Life as it flows ;
And how soon we'll enter the current
And capsize, the Lord only knows !

Then let us prepare and be ready,
When we reach the dangerous falls,
And quietly steer our barks over,
When the Master urgently calls.

I'll start for Red River to-morrow
To seek the remains of our boy ;
'Twill mitigate half of our sorrow,
The half of our woe 'twill destroy.

If I find him and mark where he lies,
By a slab I'll place at his head,
It will seem as though he is living,
Yes, living ! although he is dead.

The place where he tried to cross over
Boyne River with harrow and plough,
I will mark, my dearest, minutely,
And renew to Heaven my vow.

The children to us who were given,
Whenever they look on a stream,

Will piously look up to Heaven,
And say they remember my dream.

You say you would rather go with me
Than bear your sad trouble alone,
For the children add to your trouble
As their loss they daily bemoan.

Then come with me out to the prairies,
Yes, come to the prairies with me;
You shared my past joys and my sorrows,
And now by my side you shall be.

We'll take our through tickets from Moorefield,
And quickly to Winnipeg go,
To behold that treacherous river
That caused us this heart-rending woe.

How sad looks the face of all Nature
As the train goes hurriedly by,
All the trees stand demurely bowing,
The winds add their tremulous sigh.

The once happy brooks only murmur;
The woe of the rivers sound deep;
And the towns look utterly dreary,
As rapidly through them we sweep.

Guelph, London, Detroit and Chicago,
How soon we have passed through them all;
Get ready to take some refreshments,
For soon we'll be into St. Paul.

Oh! no, their's no use for such weeping,
You must drink a good cup of tea;
You care not for eating or drinking,
But drink it, love, drink it for me.

St. Boniface now we're approaching,
And Winnipeg's over the stream ;
Perhaps they will tell us they found him,
And thus contradict my strange dream.

They found him, my dearest, they found him,
They found the dear corpse of our boy ;
Though our hearts are bursting through sorrow,
That sorrow's now mingled with joy.

We've reached the lone spot now at last, love ;
Be calm and religiously brave ;
Let's bow to the God of our fathers,
And pray at Josiah's young grave :

*Oh ! Lord, let this sudden bereavement
To us a dear souvenir be ;
And guide us through Death's gloomy river
As well as o'er life's stormy sea.*

TO A FRIEND WHOM I HELPED THROUGH
A DIFFICULTY.

If you want, dear friend, to know
How a boatman dares to row
When the waves are curling white,
And the moon is hid at night ;
Come with me and then you'll see
In whose hands the helm should be.

Not another in your bark
Could thus guide her in the dark,
This unerring hand of mine
Has preserved both thee and thine !

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines on the tragic demise of MR. WILLIAM DUNCAN, who was crushed to death by the gearing of the flouring mill of Messrs. Ogilvie & Co., at Wrocester, on Saturday the, 9th day of December, A.D. 1882.

BY A LOVER.

My broken heart is bleeding now
For my true-love is dead ;
And all my brightest earthly hopes
Have from my bosom fled.

With confidence, I thought that he
Would soon be mine for aye ;
But suddenly, Ogilvie's mill
Has snatched my love away.

The sturdy cogs his coat-skirts caught,
And whirl'd around and round
Till his poor flesh and shoulder-blade
Into a pulp were ground.

He strangled till his face grew black,
The life-blood did exude ;
And from their sockets his blue eyes
Distorted, did protrude.

Yet all his torture, like a man
My lovely William bore,
Till Mr. Kempt and other friends
Had laid him on the floor.

Then cautiously they lifted him,
And carried him down-stairs,
And then the doctor's skilful knife,
Began to make repairs.

He dressed his wounds most tenderly,
To Weir's had him removed;
And then he sent sad telegrams
To those dear Willie loved.

We thought he might recover still,
But death's cold hand had come
To chill the waning life still left
And take our loved-one home.

His relatives to Shelburne then
Took his remains away,
And placed them with his own dear friends
To wait the judgment day.

Dear Willie's age was twenty-six,
He led a sober life,
And if he lived a few more months
I'd be his happy wife,

Then sorrows wave would never flow
Across my peaceful soul;
But now, with woe, I'm so distressed
My thoughts I can't control.

When I lie down to sleep at night
No sleep can seal my eyes,
For oft, I think I see my love
Descending from the skies.

And as he comes he beckons me,
And tells me dry my tears,
And that his happy soul will come
To cheer my future years.

Oh! thank you, Will, come ev'ry night,
And even through the day,
Do try to come and visit me,
And drive my woe away.

OBITUARY LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
BURTON'S BABY.

THOUGH Annie's dark-blue eyes they closed,
When last she sank to rest,
And placed her little dimpled hands
Across her gentle breast.

We know within our inmost hearts
She lives beyond the sky ;
For such an angel babe as she
Could never, never die.

Dear mother, let us fix her grave,
And plant a flower or two,
To mark a very pretty place
Near her for me and you.

For my dear George will feel so pleased
To see his darling's grave
Bedecked with flowers till in the breeze
'Twill flow like ocean's wave.

Dear mother, please to come with me
To see dear Annie's bed ;
She sleeps alone at Hollin now,
She sleeps—she is not dead.

July 12th, 1882.

TO DR. MIDDLETON.

OH ! doctor dear,
We're glad you're here,
Instead of o'er the borders ;
That you again
May ease our pain,
And cure our worst disorders.

AN ACROSTIC.

My dear young lady, let me say
 In accents mild to you to-day,
 Since first I saw your handsome face,
 Some fairy forms my footsteps trace.

And by their portraitures of thee
 Given perpetually to me,
 Ubiquitous you seem to be.
 Sometimes when I am fast asleep,
 They bring *my heart* to you to keep;
 And if their gift you seem to spurn,

Vexed and perplexed they soon return
 Enraged because you treat them so,
 Now madly flying to and fro,
 To me *your likeness* then they throw,
Of course, I'll lay it on the shelf,
Now as I'm bound to have yourself.

Dec. 25th 1882.

ACROSTIC.

My dearest, only earthly gem,
 Remembering thy graces,
 Surely you'll let me speak of them,

While others speak of faces.
 When first I saw thy lovely face

My heart felt wholly ravished;
 On hearing then the Lord great grace
 On thy dear soul had lavished,
 Really, my dear, I could not live
 Except to me your heart you'd give.

LINES

Addressed to WILLIAM MEDILL, Esq., Treasurer of the Township of Maryborough, on the death of his Infant Daughter, who died on the 22nd day of September, 1877.

YOUR pretty babe is gone to sleep,
Then why should you repine and weep,
Since Jesus calls from his bright home,
And says: *Permit the children come.**

Ah! how do we poor mortals know
How she in Paradise may grow,
Or how her little angel feet
May toddle down the golden street.

And there midst Heaven's sweetest flowers,
Weep o'er her few sad earthly hours,
Those few sad hours which here she spent
In sighs, and tears, and discontent.

Jesus, her tears, shall wipe away,
In that bright land of endless day;
Then let your tears at once be dry,
And lift your heads and hearts on high,
To that dear heavenly home above
Where soon you'll meet your little love.

No more you'll wake her sobs to cheer,
By lullabies most sadly drear;
Her mother's kiss and father's smile
Shall ne'er again her heart beguile.

Her brothers, too, in lonely hours
May on her grave plant scented flowers
They oft may wish her back again,

When they are fully grown young men,
That they their love to her might show,
And cause her heart with joy to glow.

Dear Mary Jane has gone before
To greet you on that happy shore
Which lies beyond time's boist'rous sea
Which now so tosses you and me.

Its waves and winds oft rise so high
That we could almost wish to die ;
If we were sure that we would gain
That heavenly shore, like Mary Jane.
Yet we all hope when death shall come
That we, through Christ, shall reach that home.

Sept. 24th, 1877.

PA TO BERTIE.

DEAR little pet—my only boy !
Oh ! how you fill my heart with joy !
Extinct indeed my name would be
If anything should happen thee.

The dearest plaything I can find
To soothe my business-ruffled mind,
The evening star that bids me come
To play with thee and those at home.

Ma has two girls, yes nice ones too,
She can keep them, and I'll keep you ;
At the piano they may play,
But you and I will scud away
Down to the lawn to play croquette.

GOSPEL HARVEST.

Luke x, 2.

THE harvest, friends, is very great,
And in its present ripened state
 It needs to be secured ;
For now its heads are bending low,
And few there are who fully know
 The storms it has endured.

Many a dreary year has fled
Since first it drooped its ripened head,
 And shed its precious grains :
And still it droops and pines away
And sheds its grains from day to day
 To wither on the plains.

True ! all God's servants labour hard
Its wasting progress to retard ;
 Its worth they can't forget :
And though their prospects now are bright,
As thus they labour day and night,
 There's room for labour yet.

Soon may we hear that those without
Have heard the joyous reapers' shout,
 And caught their spirit too ;
And run into the gospel field,
And now their labour freely yield,
 As only Christians do.

WAITING.

I AM waiting, calmly waiting
For a bright and better time,
And I'm sitting, coolly sitting,
Waiting as I write this rhyme.

Yet I'm thinking, while I'm waiting,
That my friends are very few,
And despairing, while thus waiting,
Though I know it will not do.

As my friends are thus forsaking,
Is it not the better way
For me still to keep on moving,
Doing something every day.

For, while waiting, idly waiting
For some bright and lucky star,
I had better keep on moving,
Working like a jolly tar.

Some, who have been friendless, homeless,
Started up and strove again,
Moving onward, tugging harder
Till they rose like other men.

Many, like myself, are waiting,
While they see their neighbours try ;
While we're waiting they are working,
And by working pass us by.

Day and night I now will try it,
Try it harder than before,
And *I'll not sit pining, waiting,*
Waiting, pining any more.

LINES TO J. B. WILLIAMS

EDITOR, &C.

TO-NIGHT I scanned the *Enterprise*,
And lo! before my startled eyes
Lay lines of wisdom, lines of love,
As though they fell from Heaven above.

Link after link, like powerful chain,
Drop after drop, like falling rain,
Ideas linked and fell like snow,
In cadence deep, and soft, and low.

And though a lady was thy theme,
I wondered how that e'en love's dream
Could skip along, and keep such time
While dancing through such lengthy rhyme.

'Twas love alone that could inspire
Thy thoughts to soar from high to higher,
Until you reached those heights so grand,
So far above both sea and land.

Not all the zephyrs which e'er played
Amongst the curls of thy dear maid,
Nor all the birds and busy bees
Which murmur 'mongst the summer trees,

Could thy proud spirit e'er restrain,
Till thy sweet maid was brought to reign
With those who from this earth had flown
To bask before high Heaven's throne.

A Longfellow, a Burns, a Moore
Could ne'er inspire thoughts more pure ;

My very heart within me burned
As one by one thy thoughts I turned.

As, one by one, thy thoughts I weighed,
My rhyming spirit stood and prayed
That all the blessings Heaven could give
Might be your portion while you live.

For poets, 'midst their songs and prayers,
Have little cash, and many cares;
They find with Byron, and with Burns,
Money and praise take many turns.

The phosph'rous fly, when night is dark,
Does not withhold her little spark.
Though Shakespeares now-a-days are few,
And people laugh at me and you;
I ask, dear sir, from time to time,
That you still bless us with such rhyme.

TO A NEPHEW.

In Autograph Album.

THAT Heaven's blessing, rich and rare,
May be thy portion, is my prayer,
While you are young improve your time
In learning Greek and writing rhyme;

But never love, for 'twill not do
Until your college course is through;
But tell the ladies when that's done,
You'll visit them and have some fun.

VOTE FOR DREW.

ELECTION times are coming, boys,
But oh ! they're nothing new !
Then cast aside all other joys
And come and vote for Drew.

As men of brains and pocket, sirs,
Are now-a-days so few ;
Just act like men of common sense
And vote for lawyer Drew.

Let Foley once more change his coat
Like all his motley crew ;
He's nothing but a " billy goat "
Who does not vote for Drew.

Great numbers of Reformers, sirs,
And those of brightest hue,
Will vote for him who truth defends,
And that is G. A. Drew.

The very name, Conservative,
They could almost eschew,
They'll bear it as an epithet,
And vote for lawyer Drew,

He will *Conserve* our interests,
Reform our evils too,
His interests are one with ours,
We'll therefore vote for Drew.

July 8th, 1867.

HUSTONVILLE ELECTION BATTLE.

A WOFUL scene and mad affray
Took place right here last Saturday ;
Conducted by a man of note,*
On whom the Tories all now dote.

At least the Tories here all do,
And all of them at Simcoe too ;
At nine o'clock, the polling hour,
He first began to show his power,

When R. S. Moore began to swear
Some stout young men who then were there,
Returning officer, said he,
Fair play, fair play, there here must be.

Presuming the said Mr. Moore
Would favour Allan, to be sure,
By swearing those to keep the peace
Who would brave Allan's votes increase.

Oh ! well, said Moore, with sullen scowl,
You need not thus begin to howl,
For I assure you half these men
Are true to Gowan and, sir, then

Is it not fair that Allan too,
Should have a share as well as you ?
The constables then took their stand
And waited for his first command.

This strict behest, distinct and loud,
Was heard then by the listening crowd :
Ye constables now at the door
Admit six men and not one more,

* Thos. Ferguson, M.P.

*When these six vote and pass away
I'll call six more without delay.
Thus peacefully the day began
Without a blow from any man.*

But all this time a certain "Quack"
Looked half fanatic on horseback,
Resembling Tam O'Shanter's gait,
With head bent down and tail out straight,

Rushing fiercely through the wind,
And leaving clouds of dust behind.
By his great leader being sent
Into Wallace he quickly went.

Bellowing out with ardent soul :
*Ye Gowanites rush to the poll !
Rush to the poll now instantly
And make the Allan voters flee,*

*For Allan's strength is very great
And no one knows poor Gowan's fate !*

The Wallaceonians, bold and brave,
Harangued and goaded by this knave
Forsook their oats, their wheat, and hay,
And yelled like bloodhounds all the way.

Armed with a hayfork, scythe, or gun,
Until they came to Cowanston ;
But here their weapons were exchanged
For clubs, for thus it was arranged.

Those bleating "lambs," now fresh from Perth,
Belched forth their alcoholic mirth
Until through Hustonville they came
'Midst flaming oaths I dare not name.

Now consternation and surprise
Flashed from the woe-bestricken eyes
Of some brave men who there had come
Simply to vote, and then go home.

And others, too, with heads now sore,
Who showed fair play outside the door.
And ah ! no wonder they should look
Black as the wild Canadian rook.

For, though the constables were sworn,
They from the doors were quickly torn ;
And the boards from off the house
Fell to the ground with one great souse.

Then in they jumped, with horrid yell,
As though disgorged from lowest hell ;
And now their bludgeons short and long
Were swung by men enraged and strong.

And lo ! the victims of such blows
Went home with shattered head or nose.
And thus while fighting some would yell :
Now, sirs, we'll send your souls to hell.

*Quite long enough ye played your tricks
But we'll convert ye with these sticks.
Lay on him, Jim, another cried,
Don't heed his groans but tan his hide.*

Pushing, rushing, jamming, thrashing,
Screaming, crushing, roaring, crashing,
Out now they tumbled till the road
Seemed to abhor its mangled load.

The poll clerk* through the window fled
To save his books as well as head,

* The Author was poll-clerk.

For now the stones in hundreds flew
Until they fell thick as the dew.

But lest this truthful prolix rhyme
Exhaust your patience and your time,
I'll wind it up and bid adieu
To this dark scene and motley crew.

IN A LETTER TO NAOMI MARA, JULY 16TH, 1879.

HIP, hip, hurrah !
I've been away,
But now my tea is smoking ;
And oh ! my dear,
If you were here
We'd have a time at joking.

For I am sure
Naomi Moore
Is not so killed by study,
But tea she'll quaff,
And sweetly laugh,
And say her brains got muddy.

Our love to all,
Both great and small,
Dear uncle, aunt and Harry ;
And do not stay
Another day,
But come, and do not tarry.

CONUNDRUM.

WHEN you're sad it makes you happy ;
And when poor it makes you rich ;
And makes you feel just like a Prince
When you wallow in the ditch.

THE HUSTONVILLE QUACK.

A REPLY, ETC.

PLEASE listen to me patiently,
A simple truth I'll tell
About a certain would-be quack
Who came midst us to dwell.

Of Celtic blood and brainless breed,
Yet big in bones 'tis true,
He dared to wield his clumsy pen
To show what he could do.

But like the mountain groaning, sirs,
A mousie to produce,
This poor *non compos mentis* quack
Just proved himself a goose.

A baby of this century
Who would his rhyming read,
Would set him down at once to be
Of purest donkey breed.

He neither spells, nor punctuates
As any school-boy could,
And yet he talks of Farmer Tate,
As if he thought he should.

If Huston quack would mind his post
As grey-coat farmers do,
His catalogue of "sudden deaths"
Might still be growing few.

And Mrs. Reid, of Hustonville,
Might yet be living there,

And many a sprightly, blooming child
Might fill the "vacant chair."

And many a loving father's sigh,
And many a mother's tear
Might be reserved, or bottled up,
To serve some future year.

And many a grave might be left shut,
And many a spade lie still,
If blackhaired Neddie never saw
The streets of Hustonville.

But people will be gulled, you know,
By doctors and their kin ;
They use such wily stratagems
Our trusting hearts to win.

And many of us fully know
Diplomas are despised ;
For Neddie's *empty apple-cart*
At Kingston was capsized.

When last the Parson christened him
We heard him say—" *Impos,* "
But as his voice just here went down,
We're something at a loss

We think he added "*tor*" to it,
But yet 'tis hard to say,
IMPOSTOR was his name, dear sirs,
Long, long before to-day.

The winds, that cross the grassy graves
His unskilled hands did fill,
Are fraught with groans against the quack,
The quack of Hustonville.

HOW TO CHEAT THE PRINTER.

Addressed to James McIntosh, Esq., of Elora, Ont.

THE merest tyro fully knows
That printers publish rhymes and prose ;
But all the printers—fools, or wise,
Charge well for all they advertise.

There's just one way in spring or winter,
In which we can outdo the printer,
I'll try the trick, and if I fail,
We'll drink his health in bottled ale.

I'll tell you now, dear Mac, the way,
If you, in future, do not say
A word about it in yon toon
Where oft we sat 'neath silvery moon.

I've got a pretty farm to sell,
On it a house and living well,
An orchard young, and bearing too,
With barn and stable snug and new.

I'd take four thousand—but would less
Because I'm now in deep distress,
My payment's due—of cash I'm short,
And in such plight there is no sport.

The township lot, and the concession,
Must also be in your possession,
Maryborough, lot number three—
Let all cash buyers visit me.

They'll find me on concession nine,
'Midst flocks of sheep and herds of swine,

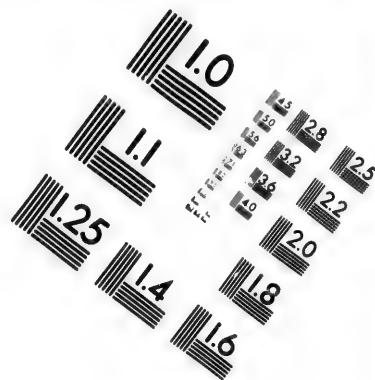
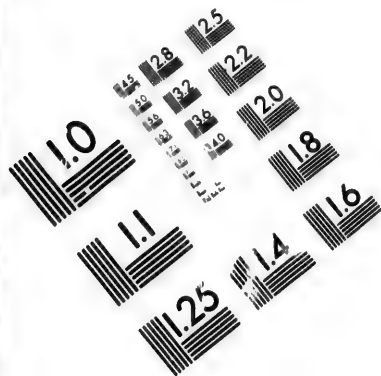
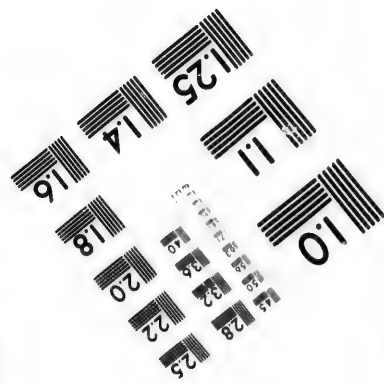
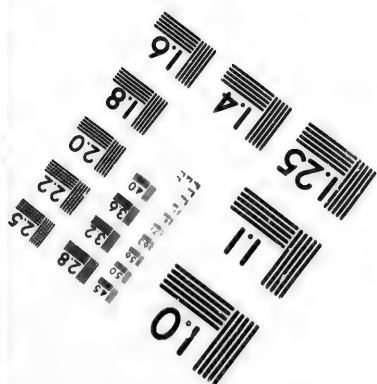
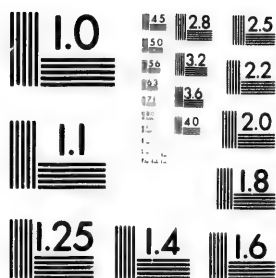


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And if I chance to be from home
They can remain until I come.

So now, dear poet, McIntosh,
I hope my project you'll not quash
By giving Shaw the dread alarm
That thus I advertise my farm.

Since printers ne'er commit such crimes
As charge a poet for his rhymes,
If I succeed I'll die *continier*
For having thus outdone the printer.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WILLIAM WALLACE MOORE lends money
To buy land and keep you funny ;
Or if of debts you are afraid,
And wish at once to have them paid,
Just come to me, I have on hand
Thousands to lend on house or land.

What if you have acquired a debt !
You need not worry, toil and fret,
Cheer up, good sirs, be quite content,
For money now's but six per cent.
One million, sirs, I got of late,
Which I can lend on real estate.

If lands and houses are all spent,
I still would ask you be content,
For if sad cares you have endured,
It's time you had your life insured,
Five hundred pounds to your dear wife
Would well repay her for your life.

You should not eat, or sleep content
Till you're insured from accident.
Insure your houses, barns, and crops,
You're dusty storegoods, and you're shops;
The "Mutual" instantaner pays
For every accidental blaze.

If of music you're not possessed,
Of instruments I have the best.
Heaven is full of sweetest song,
And earth won't last us very long,
Then you should all for Heaven prepare,
By sweetest song, if not by prayer.

As now I'm living by my pen,
I'll work as cheap as other men;
I'll draw your wills, collect accounts,
And gather in those *small amounts*
Which in the aggregate do make
The very things that merchants break.

All other documents I'll draw
As neat as keen eyes ever saw,
Mortgages, bonds, letters, deeds,
Bill of sale on chattels—tweeds
Or any stuff beneath the skies,
I care not what's its worth or size.

And if you marry ere you die,
The marriage license I'll supply;
Two dollars only, I require
To help you quench old Cupid's fire
By getting you a happy wife
To cheer your dull and wayward life.

Another step I'll now advance,
My advertisement to enhance,
For last, not least, I'll auctioneer

Your goods as quick, and yet as dear,
As any man whose flippant tongue,
The cash, from miser, ever wrung.

As Commissioner in Queen's Bench,
My charges still I do retrench.
If affirmation you would make,
Or solemn oaths you dare to take,
I'll charge you but a simple fee,
If you will deign to call on me.

BURLESQUE.

Now Mr. McEwen,
Pray, what are you doing ?
Oh ! you're trying to look at your toes !
Yes ! there's fun in the rig !
For your belly's so big,
That you'll ne'er again see them, my Jose.

Except your physician
Soon works a transition,
By turning your big belly about ;
And locating it where,
You may, with assumed air,
Presume it's a fine cushion, no doubt.

And your superfine clothes,
Like the pig with the nose
Well adorned with a pretty gold ring,
Only make you a tool
For the scoffer and fool,
You are such a great dunce of a thing.

Your wild eyes, like a hare,
Still emit such a glare,

That your folly they always portray ;
 And your eyebrows enshroud
 Those large eyes with a cloud,
 Like the sun, on a dark rainy day.

Then Johnnie O'Thunder !
 It's surely no wonder,
 That your neighbours of you are afraid ;
 They know if you borrow
 They're sure to sup sorrow,
 For their confidence will be betrayed.

And this fact, as you know,
 Often forces you go
 To Mr. Armstrong's, three miles away,
 Just to borrow some bags.
 But, as now my pen flags,
 I, abruptly must bid you good-day.

TO H. DUGGAN ESQ.,

OF ARTHUR, ONT.

In reply to his poem of Feb. 23rd 1881.

Macaulay, England's great historian, says that—*As civilization grew poetry declined.*

PRAY, Mr. Duggan, who are you ?
 I know you rhyme, but that won't do ;
 I want you tell me whence you came,
 As you were born for future fame.

I want to know what coloured hair,
 Whether black, auburn, red, or fair ;
 What sort of forehead ; and your eyes
 Are they black or blue as the skies ?

Is Duggan rich, or is he poor,
Like Bobbie Burns or Wallace Moore ?
If, like Lord Byron, he was born
With silver spoons and soup spoons horn,
It is no wonder he can write
Like any lord or noble knight.

The bubbling spring on mountain side
Leaps o'er the crags with gushing pride ;
Just so it is with you and me,
Our mental gushings must be free ;
Like Iceland's fountains we must rise
And soar beyond both seas and skies ;
Nor can we chain our spirits down
Though we must bear Macaulay's frown !
The poet's mantle, so divine !
I hope may yet be yours, and mine.

You say you'll fight if I'm a Tory,
But if Reform, in me you'll glory.
The battle's fought, the work is done,
The cards are played, John A. has won.

Though Blake may fume and we explode,
Sir John must now complete the road,
Which in the future will repay
Our country's present great outlay.

What politics protect the Crown,
Blow up the Czar, pull Parnell down !

Now tell me, Duggan, if you can
Have faith in anything called man ;
Since Fenians spurn all future hope
By laughing at the very Pope
Who freely gives his precious days
To straighten up Sin's crooked ways ?

Bright *moral suasion* quells the storm
Roused by the Tories or Reform,
But when this instrument has failed,
Right to the Cross our hopes are nailed;
Near it we stand, and calmly pray:
Give peace O Lord in this our day,
Nor let the sword in vain be drawn
To stain an Irish field or lawn.
May Parnellites have sense to see
That right, not might, must make them free.

If Erin's soil they must possess,
Their greatest ally is the press.
No Fenian plots can e'er restore
The lack they feel the world o'er.

My Irish friends, dear to my breast!
I fain would take to the North-West,
Where no rack rents, or cess, or rates
Would e'er disturb their own estates.

But as my prayers can't bring them out,
There they must stay, to fight or pout,
If Blake does not a plan invent
To make them happy and content.

Perhaps Sir John may let him lead,
So that friend Gladstone he may bleed,
By coaxing him to grant the cash
To exile all the "Irish trash," (?)
And place them on our fertile plains
To rest their souls and tortured brains.

Let Ireland's sons at once strike hands,
And emigrate to foreign lands;
And let the Banshee wail around

The landlord's waste, forsaken ground,
And cheer the graves of those who died
During the days of Erin's pride.

Then, friend Duggan, and not till then,
Will there be peace 'mongst Irishmen.
So when we meet up there or here
We'll drink their health in rounds of beer.
Till then, dear poet, no mistakes,
Shut up, shut up! put on the brakes!!

Moorefield, March 21st 1881.

WILLIAM DONNELLY, THE BIDDULPH CHAMPION.

My readers will distinctly remember the Biddulph tragedy. The father, mother, and niece of William Donnelly, the party to whom the following lines are addressed, having been brutally murdered, and afterward burned to cinders and left smouldering in the ashes of their comfortable dwelling. His brother John, who was temporarily visiting him, was shot dead at his door, which he went to open in answer to a call for admittance. The assassins intended to murder William. He had previously received several anonymous letters threatening the utter annihilation of the Donnelly family. Still he fearlessly, and at once, appealed to the strong arm of our unbiased Canadian law for justice and protection. "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*,"* at once became his motto. Forward he went and procured warrants for the arrest of those whom Johnnie Connor (*who was the only witness*) said he saw commit the atrocious murder at old Mr. Donnelly's.

Hence the following lines to a party with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I'VE read of Napoleon of old,
Of how he was daringly bold,
And of Wellington at Waterloo,
But neither was equal to you.

* No steps backward.

No ! neither fought battles alone,
When all friends and armies were gone ;
But thou, alone and forsaken,
While earth's strong pillows are shaken,
And the grave seems yawning for thee,
No darkness nor danger cans't see.

Hurrah ! for the land of thy birth,
Thou most daring champion on earth !
The land of thy birth is too dear,
That thou should'st forsake it through fear !

The grave has no terror for thee,
When the smould'ring ashes you see ;
The ashes of home, and of friends,
Aye, justice thy courage defends !

Thy beautiful cousin lies sear,
With a father and mother so dear ;
And then, poor John's piteous roar,
" Oh ! Will, I'm shot dead at your door ! "

When these things return to your mind,
No wonder to danger you're blind ;
When the blood which courses your veins,
Rolls back like a wave to your brains,
And dashes its surge on your heart,
No wonder with life you could part !

Remember that Abel of old,
Whose body lay bleeding and cold,
Had blood which, though shed on the ground,
Yet spoke in a language profound.

The blood of thy brother will cry,
And the winds of Biddulph will sigh,
And the ashes they scattered will
Tell tales in the future, dear Bill !

Fret not thyself, for God still lives,
 And justice to us all He gives ;
 And may God bless you, Will, while here,
 And take you to a happy sphere,
 When a long life in this you've spent,
 In affluence and sweet content.

Oct. 11th, 1880.

DR. ORTON AND JUDGE DREW.

In a reply to a letter which I received from Geo. T. Orton, M.D., M.P., while he was at Ottawa, in March, 1879, I find the following : "I must go to work and write a poem on both physic and law, and show how many of Dr. Orton's patients died ; and how many of our Elora Queen's Counsel's clients lost law suits on account of the Parliamentary absence of both of you ; and then, on your return from Ottawa, yourself and Mr. Drew will be met by some of your constituents, who will greet you as follows : "

OH ! doctor, dear doctor, jump right off the train,
 And run straight to my house—Oh ! don't mind the rain !
 For Mary is sick, and the boys are all dead,
 "Where's Dr. Orton ? " were the last words they said.
 And then my poor wife, with a mother's sad cry,
 Would tell them that Orton would not let them die ;
 Oh ! you must stay at home, the neighbours all say,
 And not let us die in this kind of a way.

I've lost it, good friend, what you heard is quite true,
 The case I'd have gained if I had Lawyer Drew ;*
 And that case of my neighbour—old Mr. Wray,
 He certainly lost because Drew was away.
 I'll vote for some fools who have nothing to do,
 But I'll not vote again for Orton or Drew.

* Now senior Judge of Wellington County.

THE BELL OF THE TIMES.

WHAT a pity,
She is witty.
What a sin I do declare !
How she smiles,
How she wiles,
With her eyes, and with her hair.

With her curls,
With her pearls,
Set within her rosy gums ;
How she thinks,
How she winks,
How she sings or gaily hums.

Like a peahen, like a dove,
How she coos, and dares to love ;
If without her, forced to live,
Not a cent for earth I'd give.

MISS SHEEHAN, BRANTFORD.

AN ACROSTIC.

My dear Miss Sheehan, as 'tis said,
In a few days you're going to wed
Some nice young man, from Brantford town ;
Since some young ladies now may frown.

Stick closely to his manly side,
And clutch his arm with gentle pride ;
Remembering, too, that thy sweet smiles,
And all thy simple little wiles
He'll need to aid him through the strife,

Since he has dared to take a wife.
 Heaven bestow on thee, Miss Sheehan,
 Ev'ry two years, a smiling wean.
 E'er may you, dear, while Heaven wills,
 Have courage thus to nurse young Sills ; *
 And may the Lord, who rules the skies,
 Ne'er let your heart heave heavy sighs.

March 29th 1879.

"THOMASONIAN."

About a quarter of a century ago the Thomasonians were deluding a good many through the foolish belief that *the soul of man slept with his body after death till the day of final resurrection*. Mr. Wm. Cooke, who was then Canadian colporteur of the American and Foreign Bible Society, asked me to write a rhyme which would include some Scripture proofs opposing their doctrine. Though but a boy I assented, and compiled the following :

You Thomasites profess to love
 That God who reigns in Heaven above ;
 And we profess to love Him too,
 We therefore wish to speak to you
 About that Word, which He has given
 To guide us to Himself in Heaven.

And if ye will adopt my plan,
 We first will read about that man
 Whom God's great power from dust had made,
 And placed to dwell in Eden's shade ; (a)
 You'll grant his flesh, made out of clay,
 Without a *soul* would soon decay.

In God's own image he was made, (b)
 And that has never yet decayed,

* She became Mrs. Sills. (a) Gen. ii. 7. (b) Gen. i. 26.

For He who does His Israel keep,
Can never slumber, much less sleep; (c)
Then how is it that ye dare say
That Adam's soul sleeps in the clay?

Now see Elijah, who restored
The widow's son, when he implored
The Lord of life, and glory too,
A certain miracle to do;
To hear his prayer, and grant just then
That this child's soul should *come again*
Into the body which lay dead (d)
Beneath the prophet in the bed;
Now, how is it that ye dare say,
That this child's soul *slept in his clay!*

Now come with us, like Christian men,
And read those lines, which cheered the pen
Of Solomon, the wisest man,
And then, refute them if ye can;
For he declares our bodies must
Return again to sordid dust, (e)
But that our spirits soar away,
To meet their God in endless day.

Again to check your foolish pride,
We read—"The rich man also died,"
And then in Hell, midst woes and sighs,
Amazed and shocked, he op'd his eyes,
And when he saw the beggar blest,
Enjoying peace in Abram's breast, (f)
He prayed in anguish, yet in vain,
That Lazarus might ease his pain,
By one small drop, from Heaven wrung,

(c) Ps. cxxi. 4.

(d) I Kings xvii. 21, 22.
(f) Luke xvi. 22, 23.

(e) Eccl. xii. 7.

delud-
f man
Mr.
erican
would
hough

To cool his parch'd and blazing tongue,
And oh ! his anguish, who can tell,
Thus dashed about midst waves of hell.

But lest you people dodge and say,
All this takes place at the last day ;
We find he sees his friends on earth
Midst jocularity and mirth,
And prays that Lazarus may go
And tell to them their brother's woe ;
Is this not proof, as bright as day,
That souls are not composed of clay ?

When Stephen's flesh to death was stoned,
We find that in himself he groaned,
And prayed to Jesus in this way—
Receive my spirit, Lord—to-day. (g)
For argument there is no room,
For Jesus lives not in the tomb ;
He burst its doors and soared away,
To realms of peace, and endless day.

But if we sleep until the sound
Of God's great trump shall rend the ground ;
Just as each morning opes our eyes,
To view the sun glide through the skies ;
Precisely so, shall we awake,
Our gloomy graves at once forsake,
And rise immortal from the tomb
To share great joy or endless gloom.
So now, dear friends, you surely see
We do almost with you agree ;
Time's but a span, then Christ will come,
To take His own beloved home.

DUNKIN.

(Written immediately after the Dunkin Act contest in Toronto.)

TORONTO showed the Dunkinites
That Dunkin's cause was dead ;
It moderated his high tones,
And made him bow his head.

CHORUS.

Come on then boys and have a drink
Of brandy, rum, or wine.
Though water's free for you and me,
To save it we'll combine ;
We'll let it wash, or boil the meat,
Or stew some good, green tea ;
Though water's good, it's not the stuff
That suits such folk as we.

The Dunkinites ran to the polls,
They prayed both night and day ;
But when it touched their pocket, sirs,
For cabs they could not pay.

At Galilee, in ancient times,
Pure water was made wine ;
Now, Dunkinites presume to say
'Twas only fit for swine.

The Dunkinites would pass a law
That none dare smoke or chew,
And e'en our tea they'd tax, you see ;
Oh ! what, then, shall we do ?

We'll do just as Toronto did,
If Dunkin come around,
We'll catch his wrist and give a twist,
And trip him to the ground.

THE DUNKIN ACT.

A Poem addressed to the Ratepayers of the County of Wellington.

OH! may this wretched Dunkin Act,
Of which we so much hear,
Get such a hoist in Wellington,
As will cause others fear.

That all outside our county, sirs,
Both parsons, priests and knaves,
May know that all within our bounds
Were never servile slaves.

E'en now we have some stringent laws,
Which those of Ashantee,
Would dare to trample in the dust
And die, or else be free.

Just think of those poor, weary ones,
Who keep the best hotel,
When seven comes on Saturday
A drop they dare not sell;

Although the bondsmen stand by them
To pay the ready dimes,
If they infringe our Sabbath laws
And don't keep clear of crimes.

When paupers come, they often throw
A blessing in the way;
While many of our Christian friends
Have gone to church to pray

That He, who decks the grassy fields,
And hears the raven's cry,

Would wipe away the beggar's tear,
And hush the orphan's sigh.

Though not a crust would they e'er give,
Nor yet a cup of tea
To those whose father, once, by chance
Had got upon the spree.

I wonder if they ever think
Of Lot, and Sodom's plains,
And then dare say that homemade wine
Did not affect his brains!

*I wonder if they ever thought
That kind acts would incline
The greatest sinners eyes to view
The bibber of the wine!*

It's almost time coldwater men
Would from their swoon awake,
And hear Paul say to Timothy,
*Just for thy stomach's sake.**

Oh! would that He, who chased the De'il
Into the herd of swine,
Would teach these men that it's no sin
To drink a glass of wine.

Why don't Mackenzie and his friends,
Who hold our country's reins,
With one grand stroke protect our rights,
And save our reeling brains?

Why don't they pass one sweeping law
To stop the noxious trade,

* I Timothy v, 23.

Why do they falter to complete
Those laws which they have made ?

*It is no good to lop the branch ;
At once root out the tree.
Don't make or import, and you then
Shall set our country free.*

But now I'll speak quite plainly, sirs,
And tell you what I think :
You'd better cancel all these laws,
And let us have our drink.

Not all the popes that ever reigned,
Nor yet our church and state,
Will ever change us from our mind,
Or save you from your fate.

The Bible is the only rule
We'll take as our sole guide,
Nor do we care a single hair
For all the world beside !

If we, like men, but take the pains
To rise in all our might,
We may be sure we shall secure
Our freedom and our right.

Come on, ye men of Wellington,
While trusting in the Lord,
Come on and vote for temperance,
According to his word,

That man alone is temperate,
Who can take out his glass,
And fill it, on the Sabbath day,
When home from church or mass,

And drink the healthy beverage,
Whether wine, rum or beer,
And ne'er get drunk through all the day,
Nor yet through all the year.

Oh ! yes we'll vote for freedom's laws,*
And let all others see
That we're not bound by tyrant chains,
Nor shall we ever be !

Moorefield, Nov. 28th, 1876.

A REPLY,

To Lines on the Death of Moorefield's New Gristmill.

THAT any farmer in this town
Should try to write just like clown,
To put the name of Brodie down
Is contemptible !

When Captain Brodie to us came,
He bore a strictly honest name,
And still he bears and loves the same ;
Would you dare tarnish ?

Will you dare sully that career
Which he has run since he came here,
That has to us made him so dear ?
Oh, how can it be !

Can any farmer selling meat,
Or barley, peas, or oats, or wheat,
Now as a censor takes his seat
And condemn Brodie ?

* The Dunkin Act By-law, in this County, was defeated by a majority of over twelve hundred.

After having bought our grain
Which oft was sprouted through much rain,
Or frozen, till our hearts would fain
Feed it to the pigs.

The highest price was always given,
His bargains always right and even,
His scales the justest out of Heaven ;
Who can deny this ?

*But oh, you say, the scales are turned
Since Brodie's merchant mill is burned,
Now his last drop of milk is churned
And we've his butter.*

*Your merchants now all stewing, frying,
Sit down behind their counters crying,
And look as though some friend was dying.
Alas poor Moorefield !*

Let not that rhyming farmer's soul
E'er permeate us, as a whole,
But let us all ourselves control,
And dare to do right.

What though our Council made a blunder
By not insuring us from thunder,
Come build again and make those wonder,
Who will not help us.

For though some fools may harp and cavil,
About the roads they have to travel,
The mill alone will bring the gravel—
That's sure as lightning !

We look to those who've land for tillage,
We do not look to Drayton village,
For they our interests would pillage;
Every fool knows that!

Alas! poor farmer, will not you
Forever fret, and squirm, and stew,
To hear that we commenced to hew
The new mill timber?

Though you and yours may now be crazed,
Forever be John Brodie praised,
The cash and notes are all now raised,
And built it shall be!

Moorefield, April 1st, 1878.

"THE WHISTLER AT THE PLOUGH."

I MET a man the other day,
While walking down the street;
His face sent forth a kindly ray,
His manner was discreet.

His aged frame was little bent,
His profile large and full;
His eyes bespoke his heart's content;
His hair hung down like wool.

I wondered who the man could be,
I stood, and calmly gazed,
Until my lawyer came to me,
And said: *You seem amazed!*

*If you don't know who that man is,
You don't know much I trow,
That's Alexander Somerville,
"The whistler at the plough."*

Please introduce me to him, sir,
That I may truly tell,
That I once shook the inky hand
Of him who wrote so well.

He raised his hat and stretched his hand,
And gentle as a child,
He coolly gave this kind advice
And humorously smiled.

*When'er you write again, young friend,
In poetry or prose,
Take time to write and then revise,
Whatever you compose.*

I laughed and doffed my beaver hat,
And shook the inky hand
Of one who aids the literature
Of this, our noble land.

TO NAOMI.

ALL in this house have gone to bed,
No word for hours their lips have said.
The clock's long tongue swings to and fro,
The lonely hours to let me know.

But sleep ne'er comes to me, my dear,
Till I'm forewarned by chanticleer ;
You see then, love, that I have time
To spice my letter with this rhyme.

Take Harry's carriage, pitch him in,
And round the walks then make him spin.
Such outdoor exercise is good,
'Twill help you to digest your food.

When Sabbath comes, don't stay at home,
And o'er the meadows wildly roam
To chase the bees, and gather flowers,
And desecrate the sacred hours.

But go to church, that you may hear
Of Christ who died for you, my dear ;
May God, who rules both earth and sea,
Still keep, and guide, and succour thee.

July 22nd 1876.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARGARET E.
HAMILTON,

Who died August 26th, 1881.

AGED 15 YRS. 3 MOS. 15 DYS.

Beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton of Maryborough.

ERE Maggie died, our pretty group
Was happy and complete,
And now, if she could but return,
Our joy would be replete.

She passed away so suddenly,
We scarcely knew for days
That we had lost her genial smiles,
And all her pleasant ways.

We miss the pies and extra cakes,
She alway stowed away
To tempt our blunted appetites
Or deck a gala day.

Her eyes outshone the twinkling stars,
They vied electric light,
And from our hearts, they oft dispelled
The gloom of sorrow's night.

Moroseness never drooped her brow,
Her voice was calm and clear ;
And all our hearts are aching now,
Because she is not here.

Our Christmas times are just at hand.
Of robust boys we've nine,
And, Maggie dear, our girls are here,
Except that face of thine.

But when we list to catch the lay
The heavenly voices sing,
We plainly hear thy cheerful voice
Chant praises to our King.

And we shall meet you, by-and-by,
To sing his praises too,
When, one by one, we all shall die,
And bid this earth adieu.

Nov. 17th 1883.

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE very name—"Niagara Falls,"
Fills people with emotion,
All through the States, as well as here,
And those beyond the ocean.

Imagination hears its roar
Before its shores are sighted ;
And in our dreams we view it o'er
And feel ourselves delighted.

But when we stand four miles below,
From where its waters thunder.
We bate our breath, our pace is slow,
We hesitate and wonder.

Here all the waters of the North—
Michigan, Huron, Erie,
Have put their last great effort forth
And stagger wild and weary.

From side to side they reel and foam
As near the pool advancing ;
They onward press, careering home,
Like proud steeds nimbly prancing.

And like those steeds uncurbed, yet spurred,
They lash the rocks that bind them,
As though their wrath these rocks incurred
For casting waves behind them.

No outlet can the eye behold,
For all these plunging billows ;
The channel stops, abruptly bold,
To nurse its spruce and willows.

And here the outlet of the Falls
Must whirl around forever ;
And thus to us it daily calls :
Make one more grand endeavour.

*Stopped in my course, I will not stay,
I only rest a minute
To seek and find another way,
And then at once run in it.**

Its banks are lined with evergreens
From base right to its summit ;
While many cliffs enhance its scenes,
And richly they become it.

* The river above the whirlpool runs through a rocky gorge or ravine between one and two hundred feet deep, and beats with terrific force against its left bank, which curves abruptly but gracefully into a terrace-like basin, thus causing this mighty river to diverge at right angles from its direct course.

In many parts its mighty walls
Are fully square and even ;
And from their nooks the bluejay calls
To mates which fly in Heaven.

No fences ward this Stygian stream
For man or beast's protection ;
This wicked, headlong gorge, 'twould seem,
Is open for inspection.

The whirlpool now we'll leave behind,
And up the river wander ;
And with a calm and Christian mind
We'll on life's river ponder.

There's little sunshine in life's stream,
Just like Niagara River,
It only gets the noon sunbeam*
For which to thank the Giver.

Then runs amidst wild shrubs and rocks,
Far from those happy bowers,
Which always cheer youth's lofty banks
And scent the air with flowers.

Still up the stream we wend our way,
And see things we should mention,
Such as the old Niagara town
With its antique Suspension.

But bridges are not now my theme,
'Tis Niagara's wild scolding
That soothes my soul just like a dream,
While I stand here beholding.

Stentorian is its awful voice ;
God's power it herald's proudly ;

*The river runs north, and the ravine, through which it flows, being so deep, and having perpendicular walls, it is precluded from the sun's rays except at midday.

Deep unto deep, as if by choice,
Still calls, and calls more loudly.

I raise my eyes up toward the skies,
To waft my heart's devotion ;
But through the mist a rainbow tries
To quash my solemn notion.

No drops of rain, no thunders loud,
No dreary winds are blowing,
Yet o'er the Falls there hangs a cloud
In which this arch is flowing.

Right at this bow a little stone
I sportively projected ;
I stood and wondered, all alone,
For, surely, 'twas deflected.

I flung another after that,
To reach the foam I threw it,
I then threw stones both round and flat
But still I could not do it.

Down at my feet they seemed to fall,
The air above the billows
Just pressed them back against the wall
To rest on rocky pillows.

God's mighty milldam boldly stands
Above this yawning chasm ;
And though constructed without hands
It needs no catapasm.

Of its strange architectur'l plan
I'll now adduce some data ;
Its surface, ere the days of man,
Was built of limestone strata ;

But under this, 'twas made of shale,
Which soon decays and crumbles ;
Still God's wise plans shall never fail,
No matter who now grumbles.

If man this cataract had planned,
No doubt a rock foundation,
Or granites laid by his own hand,
Would be his wise creation !

The overhanging cliff above
Protects a cave below it,
And though the waters madly rove,
They cannot overflow it.

And through this grotto many yards
You fearlessly may travel,
Or sit and sing, like other bards,
About its shale and gravel.

On hottest days this cave is cool,
With spray its floor is sprinkled ;
*'Tis nothing less than God's own school
For scholars grey and wrinkled.*

The cat'ract spans from shore to shore,
Six hundred yards, or nearly,
Its downward leap is fifty-four,*
And, oh ! it falls so queerly !

Curling, whirling, tossing, tumbling
Downward, still downward, rolling,
Yet shimmering, foaming, grumbling
Like bells forever tolling.

Goat Island, like a fearless dove,
Abutted by her daughters,

* Note, 162 ft.

The Grand and Navy isles above
Divide these falling waters.

Since Adam first beheld the light
Of Eden's happy bower,
Niagara has been, day and night,
Proclaiming God's great power.

 IN MEMORIAM.

Died at Stirton, Co. Wellington, Sept. 4th, 1882, RILLIA GERTRUDE
WOODMAN, age, 10 years, 1 month, and 28 days.

THE poet's heart is sorely tried,
If e'er he writes of those who died,
When in the midst of youth and health,
And pleasant homes, friends, and wealth,
Those lovely ones who die when young,
Who to the winds all cares have flung,
Whose aspirations only raise
Their hearts to seek a father's praise,
A mother's love, a sister's smile,
Or, through the evenings to beguile
The tedium of a brother's rounds,
When free from work, or gun and hounds.

'Twas when poor Rillia thus could please,
And coax the song-birds off the trees,
Whene'er the organ and her voice,
Gave forth their notes so rarely choice,
When e'en the household cats would purr,
And mew, to show their love for her,
And when the dog, with longing look,
Would watch her cast away her book,
And from the cupboard, all alone,
Bring forth his piece and welcome bone ;

And when her schoolmates, great and small
When bound for school would for her call,
That they together down might walk,
And of their pranks and lessons talk,
And when her teacher's eulogy
Oft made her heart o'erflow with glee,
Just then, ah ! then, death's cold hands came,
And from school roll erased her name.

Now pensively her mother sighs,
And thinks of Rillia's dark brown eyes ;
And in her dreams, no doubt with care
She curls her pretty, deep brown hair,
Or hears her with her father talk,
As gently, side by side they walk,
And sees her point to Heaven above,
Where a'll may meet through Jesu's love.

Moorefield, May 7th, 1883.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D.,

*Of Moorefield, Ontario, Canada, who died on the 14th day
of September, A.D. 1884, aged 56 years.*

• O'ER twenty years ago, my friends,
This county was quite new ;
Our neighbours had good oxen then
And horses were but few.
When sickness came, as oft it did,
A neighbour's horse was sought,
And off we dashed in hot post haste,
And soon was Maudsley brought.

Nor did we ever seek in vain
Our noble-hearted friend,

Immediately he stopped the pain,
And fear was at an end.
The patients might be almost dead;
But when the doctor came
They always raised their drooping head,
And tried to lisp his name.

His name, they said, renewed their breath
And loosed their stiffened tongue,
It took away the fear of death—
Fear to the winds was flung!
And when they saw the doctor's knife
Weigh powder on its tip
They knew *with death they'd have no strife,*
If once it crossed their lip.

Hundreds healthy and well to-day
May thank him for their lives:
The wives for husbands bright and gay,
And husbands for their wives.
Though some indeed he could not save,
And in his care they died,
He tried to keep them from the grave,
And o'er their graves he cried.

No biting frost or drifting snow
Could keep him from the sick,
Though rain might fall and wild winds blow,
He worked the same old trick.
The mud and gravel flew behind,
As down the lanes he strode,
As o'er the fences he inclined
To take the nearest road.

As huntsmen leap the yawning dyke,
When after hounds and hare,
So did our doctor ever strike
For patients in despair.

No fallen tree or drooping limb
Could turn him from his course
His whip and spur made way for him
While sitting on his horse.

But now he lies in old St. John's
And as it was *his will*,
There's not a slab of stone or bronze
Where now he lies so still,
To show how he had lived and died
The bravest of the brave!
Though life to others he supplied
Himself he could not save.

He also wished that no proud hearse
Should bear him from his home,
But that old friends who loved him most
Should waft him to his tomb.
Those friends obeyed implicitly,
They carried him away,
And placed him in his narrow house
To wait the judgment day.

But now, I ask, what of the poor
Who need his tender care,
Where shall they find his substitute
In medicine and prayer?
The two young doctors we have got,
Who came to fill his place,
Will his benevolence maintain
And aid the human race.

But who can dry the widow's tears
And hush Miss Graham's * sighs,
Or who shall quell young Harry's† fears
And Minnie's,† when she cries?

* The Dr's Niece.

† Adopted children.

That God alone who makes the winds
 Blow where and how they please
 Can, through his Spirit, comfort them
 And give them lasting ease.

Moorefield, Nov. 29th, 1884.

ELEGY

On the death of Mrs. James Cummings of Lot 10, Con. 8, Maryborough, County of Wellington, who died on the 7th day of August, A.D. 1884. Aged 45 years. 3 months.

Lovingly dedicated to her memory by her husband James Cummings, Esq., of Moorefield.

ALTHOUGH thou'rt dead, my Mary dear,
 I love thy precious name,
 Not just because it first belonged
 To one of endless fame,
 Nor yet because I love the friends
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord ;
 But I love thee and thine, my dear,
 And here that love record.

I love thee now because I know
 You loved me dearly too,
 And on account of those dear ones
 Who lie asleep with you:
 I love thee too because of those
 Who still survive with me,
 Whose youthful feet I shall lead on
 To meet in Heaven with thee.

When earth and all its cares are done,
 The five who went before,
 And those you left to me, my dear,

Shall meet you on that shore,
The shore of that vast, boundless sea,
St. John's great sea of glass,*
And then, through all eternity,
Our days with thee shall pass.

And then the loving Saviour's name
With all our little choir,
We'll help the angels to proclaim
And ask them raise it higher ;
For all our voices joined in one
Can never sing too loud,
Nor can we of that glorious name
E'er feel too grandly proud !

Till then good-bye, my own dear love,
Till then, till then, good-bye !
In old St. John's, of Moorefield,
By thee I soon shall lie ;
And when the last great trump shall blow,
We shall together rise,
And with our lovely little group
Meet Jesus in the skies.

Moorefield, Dec. 2nd, 1884.

LINES

On the death of the Indian Chief, G. H. M. Johnston, Esq., of Onondaga, Ontario, Canada.

WE write these lines, most noble Chief,
To cause thee live though dead ;
For all our hearts are filled with grief,
Since from us thou hast fled :

*Rev. iv. 6.

A Christian Chieftain thou wast here,
And now a Chieftain there,
Amidst that glorious, heavenly sphere,
So free from earthly care.

"The Chief among ten thousand" now,
Thou dost with vigour praise;
Thyself a Chief, to Him you bow,
And shall through endless days.

The glory of that "happy land"
To us is yet unknown,
Where English crowns and Indian band,
Shall mingle round the throne.

Thy people loved thee as their king,
And thou didst love our Queen,
Thy praises, therefore, thus we sing
To keep thy memory green.

Thy father's father's dauntless sword
Brought honour to thy race,
And him and his unchanging word
Thou didst not e'er disgrace.

Oh! may the children thou hast left
Thy footprints still pursue,
That they, though now of thee bereft,
May meet in Heaven with you.

And may they, too, through Jesu's love,
Thy Indian bands so teach,
That all thy tribes may meet above,
When life's sad end they reach.

Moorefield, Ont., April 25th, 1884.

LINES

On the death of Minnie Rumrell, who died on the 22nd of April, A. D., 1880, while on a visit at the hospitable home of her grandmother, Mrs. Callaway, of Huston, Ont., at the age of 1 year and 1 month.

HER GRANDMA'S LAMENT.

STEP lightly friend, for Minnie sleeps,
While Mary prays for her, and weeps;
Sit down and watch her waning breath,
For now she's at the point of death.

Dear Minnie wakes and asks the cup,
And when from it she takes a sup,
She washes o'er her hands and face,
And on her pillow takes her place.

Thus she prepares, I do record,
To meet her gracious, loving Lord;
I've naught to do but now prepare
To fold her arms and fix her hair.

Now, Mary, weep no more, my dear,
For Minnie's pain is ended here;
She calmly breathed her last short breath,
And I have closed her eyes in death.

Say, friend, sit over here a while,
And view the sweet and heavenly smile
Which rests upon dear Minnie's cheek,
And then to my poor Mary speak,

And tell her that bright angels came,
And in the precious Saviour's name
They plucked her budding little Rose,
Which now enjoys its last repose.

IN MEMORIAM,

ALBERT GREIG LESLIE M'BETH,

(Died at Hustonville, on March 20th, 1883, aged 14 months and 12 days.)

DEAR Albert now, with James and Ralph,
In Hollin graveyard lies,
And their three graves,
Like crested waves,
Point upward to the skies.

A solemn warning their short graves
To little children give;
They plainly show
That children go
Soon with the Lord to live.

The old, and wrinkled, and bent down,
Must die; but they are few:
The young and brave
First reach the grave,
And bid this earth adieu.

But when we reach our Father's house,
Far, far beyond the tomb,
Free from their shrouds,
They'll fly in clouds,
To bid us welcome home.

Huston, April 2nd, 1883.

APPENDIX.

For The Enterprise.

Dedicated to W. W. Moore, Esq., of Moorefield.

IN Moorefield dwells the poet, William Moore,
Whose verses will the test of time endure,
Those mystic maidens and that fabled steed
Have been to him far more than kind indeed.

I feel such favours as they had in store
For rhyming mortals were bestowed on Moore ;
And also think my readers will agree
That they have kept their favours far from me.

Still, all the more I wish to grasp his hand
And learn his views upon my fatherland.
Among what party he has cast his lot,
Or does he think the syndicate has got
A bargain better or a bargain worse
Than is consistent with our country's purse ?

Or does he think the second syndicate
Would not have cheaper, better, served the State
In building this great highway to the west,
Where beaten premiers find a port of rest ?

Or does he think the Tilley tariff has
Made our condition better than it was ?
Or should we not be better off to-day
If last election we had bounced John A.,
And left Mackenzie and Ned Blake to guide
The ship across the swollen railway tide ?

Or are those senators of any use
In staying legislation from abuse
Of power vested in the throng that rule,
While all are trained in John A's Tory school ?

These, and various other questions, I
 Would like to ask and learn my friend's reply,
 But want of time prevents my asking more
 Until we meet to talk in friendship o'er
 The faults and failings of our public men,
 Both foggy Tory and Reformer, then
 I'll deal out others that I have in store,
 And in a civil way lay them before
 The worthy poet—unacquainted friend,
 And thus an hour in rare enjoyment spend.

And if friend Moore should prove to be a Grit,
 I'll feel, by Jove, the happier of it ;
 But if a Tory, then a wordy war
 And bloodless battle, quite devoid of scar
 Between the poets quickly will ensue,
 But until then, friend Moore, I'll say adieu.

H. DUGGAN.

Arthur, Feb. 23rd, 1881.

REPLY TO W. W. MOORE, ESQ.

DEAR friend, you ask me who I am,
 As if I came from Amsterdam,
 Or traced my pedigree to Ham ;
 But no, I'm none of those.
 My father was Fermanagh born,
 Where waves the richest grass and corn,
 And where the supple, sable thorn
 Deals forth its stunning blows.

It was in Albion township I
 The light of day did first descry,
 'Twas there I heaved my infant sigh,
 Was heard my childish laugh,

But as to hue of eye, or hair,
Whether they're auburn, black, or fair,
I've come to the conclusion, sir,
To send my photograph.

You ask me, too, if I am poor,
As Robbie Burns or Thomas Moore ;
Well, I am sure, yes, very sure,
I'm quite as poor as they ;
I'm something like that meagre fowl
That round Job's barnyard used to prowl
Quite spectre-like,—a feather'd ghoul
Without a hopeful ray.

But Moore, my friend, what made you stray
In this, your last, immortal lay
From local politics away,
To those beyond the sea ?
Or could you nothing kindly say
To hide the errors of John A.,
Or, TUPPER'S STRETCHERS—by the way !
RAG BABY, OR N. P. ?

Now as to Ireland's friend, Parnell,
There're few have lived beloved so well,
Though Christian lords, more shame to tell,
Would with one loud accord
Consign him to the depths of H——l,
Forsooth, because he will not sell
The tenants' rights the purse to swell
Of any pampered lord.

Pray tell me, Moore, my worthy friend,
Can *right* or *moral suasion* lend
The slightest aid to reach the end
That Irishmen desire ;

While landlord tyranny holds sway
From Malin Head to Bantry Bay,
And half-starved tenants rack-rents pay
To any alien squire ?

And these same tenants owned the soil
Ere Cromwell's legions did despoil
The fruits of honest Irish toil,
Some centuries ago !
Ah ! Moore, I hope I'll live to see
The day when Ireland shall be free
From landlordism and tyranny
And every kindred woe.

I see the Orange and the Green
Are joining hands and hence, I ween,
Much brighter days will yet be seen
Than ever dawned before.
The Leaguers have the landlords fast,
In spite of recent measures pass'd,
A striking and a grand contrast
To former fields of gore.

But though this Union brings respite
There's still in store a bitter fight,
Ere England yields dear Erin's right
To rule in College Green ;
Still Parnell's head and Parnell's breast
Contain the brains and heart to wrest
For Irishmen this just behest,
From Commons, Lords, and Queen.

In other lands these—" Irish trash" (?)
Are winning fame and winning cash,
Or, in the battle's deadly crash
Are foremost to be seen !

Oh ! for another Brian Boru
As strong in battle, and as true
As he, whom false Maulmurra slew.
And Danish foes between.

Now Moore, dear fellow-poet, when
A Parliament of Irishmen
Shall rule in Dublin, only then
Shall Ireland's Phœbus shine ;
And famine flee, and turmoil cease
And wealth and comfort quick increase,
Impeded by no rack-rent lease,
Or other lordly lien.

Then trusting in a kindlier fate,
What Irishman would emigrate
To swell the ranks of foreign state,
Far from his kith and kin ?
No, no, dear Moore, he fain would dwell
In that dear Isle we love so well,
And may our trusty friend, Parnell
This favour quickly win.

H. DUGGAN.

Arthur, April 2nd, 1881.

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